

THE
Censor Censured;
OR, THE
CONSCIOUS LOVERS
Examin'd:
IN A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
Sir *DICKY MARPLOT*
AND
JACK FREEMAN.
INTO WHICH
Mr. *DENNIS* is introduced by way of
POSTSCRIPT;
WITH SOME
OBSERVATIONS
On his late
REMARKS.

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*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,  
Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoroque, Poeta salutor?* HOR.

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LONDON: Printed for T. WARNER, at the
Black Boy in Pater-Noster-Row. 1723.
[Price One Shilling.]

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THE P R E F A C E.

ONE of the greatest Advantages an Author can gain from the World, is to spread an universal Prejudice in Favour of his Work before it appears. The Mind so prepossess'd, will struggle hard to reconcile the Performance to the first Impression; either because it does not care to have the Expectation balk'd, or for fear the Judgment should be call'd in question, for rashly giving in to the Common Vogue, without a due Examination. An Author, however, on both these Considerations, stands fair for gaining many strenuous Advocates, if his Piece is not altogether unworthy.

Under these happy Circumstances the CONSCIOUS LOVERS first appear'd; and we were taught to expect, that Vertue, long banish'd the Scenes, was once more to make a flourishing Figure on the Stage, adorn'd with all the gay Simplicity of sprightly Innocence. Thus she was to have the Force of Precept and Example too; and thus at once she was to instruct and please.

THE PREFACE.

'Twas no small Delight to those who retain a Regard for Vertue, to find the general Inclination of the Town was to applaud so glorious an Undertaking. Even surly Devots were prepared to brighten up their Countenances, and appear in the Theatre, to give Encouragement to such a wish'd-for Reformation. What a noble Opportunity was here for the Poet (had he been equal to the Task) to have convinced the Hypocritical Tribe, that Vertue was not confined to a sanctified Face, a stiff Air, or a formal OEconomy of Dress; but that she could shine in the Splendor of a fine Gentleman, without suffering the least Stain on her innate Purity! and then appear brightest, when she seem'd to lie under the strongest Temptations! How beautiful must the Behaviour of that Person be, whose Wit, good Sense, and Vertue could assist and adorn each other!

This was what the Town expected from the CONSCIOUS LOVERS; and with this View they entertain'd the favourable Prejudice. But how fallen from their Hopes are they, to find the Fine Gentleman, thus greatly design'd to recommend, particularly, some extraordinary Vertues, remarkably infamous for the contrary Vices! So entire was the Dependence of the Audience on the Intention of the Poet, that they gave him the Plaudite, without taking Time to sift the several Characters, and examine whether they fully answer'd their Expectations, or not.

*I declare myself one of those who went advantageously prepared to join in the Applause; but when I heard Terence abused in a Translation;
his*

The PREFACE.

his Characters murder'd; and such as were design'd Patterns of Vertue, recommending Vice by their Actions; when I found Dramatick Rules infringed; the Unity of Characters broken; Persons introduced, of monstrous Shape and Birth, and of no Use towards the grand Action; the Likeness to Human Nature destroy'd, without any View, that I could discern, either of Instructing or Pleasing: In short, when instead of a Comedy just in its Rules, and nobly instructive in its Morals; diverting with chaste Wit, free from Obscenity and Profaneness; when, I say, I heard the Contrary of all this, fired with a just Indignation at such a flagrant Abuse, I could not forbear exclaiming with Juvenal,

Impunè ergo recitaverit ille togatas?

—Stulta est clementia cùm tot ubique

Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ.

The most partial Eye cannot wink at such Absurdities as these; from one especially who has published those admirable Essays justly admired by all the World, for tracing Human Nature thro' all the various Shapes and Turns of Vice and Folly, and for laying down such Rules as may serve to regulate the Conduct of Life in every Degree and Station. There we find the true Representation of Nature, described with solid Sense, chaste Wit, and sprightly, diverting Humour. From such an Author, the World had good Reason to expect the like Entertainment.

'Tis much to be fear'd, the superficial Judger among both Sexes, lured by the plausible Appearance

THE PREFACE.

pearance of several Persons of the Drama (who have many good Precepts in their Mouths, tho' their Practice contradicts 'em all) will implicitly follow their Examples: Besides, many well-meaning People, upon the bare Credit of the Author, will conclude he could not err so grossly as to run counter to those Rules, so beautifully display'd in the foremention'd Essays. Thus great Numbers are liable to be seduced by this treacherous Comedy; the Gentlemen to be undutiful to their Parents, false to their Friends, &c. the Ladies to despise their Mothers, to be abusive in their Language, and (what is of the utmost Consequence) by being like Indiana, fondly credulous, and by trusting rashly to a fair Face and smooth Promises (depending on their own Conscious Innocence, and the Mens Conscious Honour) are like to lose their Vertue, and all that Reputation which a modest Lady ought to prize above her Life.


Here, then, is the Snake in the Grass, who, by lurking under such a specious Character, may slyly give the fatal Sting, the mortal Stab to Vertue and Honour. The Masque of Goodness is the securest Cheat to play the Devil in, while the alluring Form renders the black Design unsuspected.

I have endeavour'd, in a chearful Dialogue, to detect the foul Hypocrisy, and destroy the Venom of this deadly Snake: If I have not quite deprived him of his Sting, I have at least lash'd him from his Concealment into Sight and Observation, and leave him to be cured by an abler Scourge.

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BETWEEN
Sir *DICKY MARPLOT*
AND
JACK FREEMAN.

DICKY.
Y worthy Friend *Jack Freeman* come to
Town! This is Matter of Joy, indeed; to
all your Acquaintance, but more especially
to your humble Servant.

Jack. Sir *Dicky*——

Dick. Nay, my Friend, that's ungenerous! —* Now
I am a Knight, that's true; and every body knows I'm a
Knight, and I can't help it—— But prithee don't up-
braid me.

Jack. Dear *Dick*, then, your friendly Salute is most
welcome, because I know your Heart dictates to your
Tongue. After declaring this Opinion, I need not

* An Introduction to a Speech made by Sir R.—— S—— at a
General Meeting of the Proprietors of the Fish-Pool Bubble.

tell you that I'm overjoy'd at meeting you. But, Ceremony apart, how goes the World?

Dick. Why, much after the old Rate, I think: Fools talk Politicks, and rail themselves into a Prison; Atheists blaspheme, Free-thinkers are a numerous and a thriving Tribe; Profaneness and Immorality were never more flourishing, nor the Parsons more lazy and indolent—

Jack. Hold, hold, *Dick*; I know you bear the Clergy no very good Liking; and as for the Progress of Vice, 'twas not what I meant by my Enquiry: However, if that is the Case, why don't you take up your Rod again, and lash the Nation into a Sense of their Impieties. I think you have not appear'd very considerable a great while; and the World may reasonably expect, from that publick Spirit you have so much boasted of, that you'll never cease to promote the Reformation of Mankind.

Dick. To convince you then that I have always had that laudable Design at Heart, I shall shew you a Piece worthy my three Years Labour and Industry. Now, Sir, I can say with *Sir Richard Blackmore*, *I have rescued the Muses out of the Hands of Ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste Mansions, and to engage 'em in an Employment suitable to their Dignity.*

Jack. However, lay aside your Self-Commendation for the present, (for you have already gone as far, at least, as Modesty can allow) and let me plainly understand what this mighty Performance is.

Dick. I confess, a Man should not run too great a Length in his own Praise; but sure my Friend will allow me to rejoice at the Service I have done my Country: 'Tis that Reflexion inspires my Raptures; and if *Horace* may be indulged in his Self-Satisfaction and Sufficiency to cry out,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

I think I have an equal Pretence at least to exclaim with him,

— *Usque*

——— *Usque ego posterâ
Crescam laude recens.*

As for your *livor edax*, I despise it, I defy it; and am now got beyond the Reach of Criticism and Malice.

Jack. Prithee, *Dick*, don't be so extravagant; besides, thou hast all the Joy to thyself; 'tis impossible I should assist in the Triumph, till I'm acquainted with thy Victory. Truce with thy rapturous Exclamations for a while, and tell me what thou hast done that thus transports thee.

Dick. O *Freeman*! the true Spirit of Comedy was never touch'd so happily before, by either Ancient or Modern! The best are dull, flat, and insipid to mine! Mine has the *utile dulci* in Perfection! The Characters so admirably design'd, so nobly instructive; such Symmetry and Exactness in the Features and Lineaments; so regularly proportion'd, heighten'd after the Copy of the most perfect Nature; — In short, Sir, you'll find the *Titian* Stroke in every Part. Let the malicious World pursue their splenetick Humour, and deny me the Credit due to my other Writings; I don't care if I am ingenuous for once, and confess, whatever Touch met with Applause, ow'd its Success to foreign Assistance; yet this, this finish'd Piece is all my own, — the legitimate Offspring of this happy Brain. For this, I freely strip myself of all my borrow'd Laurels, and expect *Apollo* should take the Crown from his own Head, and adorn my Temples with it.

Jack. I acknowledge, *Dick*, you have been a little roughly treated in your Time: But since you have been ingenuous in your Confession, prithee be as free in your Answer to the following Question: In the mean while, this little Digression will give you Time to cool, and recover your Sedateness, that you may be the better enabled to give me an Account of the applauded Work with which you are so enamour'd.

—Was you really the Author of those Remarks on a Declaration, publish'd some few Years since?

Dick. I could wish, my Friend, you had not revived my Shame and Confusion on that Score; tho' I declare sincerely to you, I did it with an Intention different from what was imputed to me. Believe me, I had no more Design to disperse and recommend the Thing, than I had to blast my own Praise. And, indeed, I was not sensible of my Error, till a Non-juring Parson stopt me in the Street soon after the Publication, and whisper'd me—— Mr. *Short-Face*, I congratulate you on your Conversion! What News from *Avignon*? I don't doubt but you'll discharge the Post of S—— y of S—— te to the general Satisfaction. — Immediately a snarling Cynick, less credulous, fell foul on me for the Want of Grammar in my Remarks, and many other Faults, which I don't care to hear of, much less to enumerate. However, I was not so much shock'd at that, as at the Parson's Address, which had like to have spoil'd my Pre-ferment.

Jack. To tell you the Truth, *Dick*, I believe you lost a great deal of Reputation by that Jobb; and many, who before had cry'd you up for a Man of Wit and Judgment, were obliged to retract, to preserve their own Reputations.

Dick. Well, dear *Freeman*, don't be too unkind in the Remembrance of past Faults, for which I have undergone a sorrowful Penance. I confess I was too forward, and left off my Leading-Strings too soon; but now, Sir, I have learnt to go alone, and I question not but this Play of mine will convince you of the Truth of it.

Jack. I must own, you have rais'd my Curiosity; but prithee, when am I to see it?

Dick. I have a Copy in my Pocket; and because I know you have Judgment, temper'd with Candour and Good-Nature, I shall be pleas'd to have you peruse it;
that

that if you should observe an accidental Slip, which the best Writers are apt to overlook, you may advertise me, and prevent the Critick's little Malice. — But first give me Leave to inform you of my Design.

Jack. Ay now, *Dick*, you seem to be coming to your Temper, and the Business; and I shall listen attentively to you.

Dick. Come on then. — My Plot, you must know, is that of *Terence's Andria*.

Jack. How, Sir! Can a Man of your boasted Capacities stoop so low as to build on another's Foundation, and not make use of your own Invention?

Dick. Patience, Patience, my Friend! Why, I have so turn'd the Characters, that *Terence* himself, was he now living, I'll be bold to say, would not lay any Claim to 'em. 'Tis true, I borrow great Part of his first Act; but then, the Beauty of my Translation (upon which I highly value myself) so far exceeds the Original, that every body will be sensible I've done the old *Roman* an Honour, in bestowing so fine a Dress on his naked Thoughts.

Jack. Have a care, *Dick*; they have pleas'd for a great many Generations, even to Admiration; and none of the Judicious have dar'd to undertake the New-modelling of 'em. They shine so bright in such an unaffected Nobleness and Simplicity of Dress, that all People have thought it an Injury either to add or diminish. I'll venture to say, 'tis a hazardous Undertaking!

Dick. The greater then will be my Reputation, if I do it successfully: And in that Particular my Confidence anticipates the Praises of my Country, and cries, Bravely attempted, and nobly executed.

Jack. Well, *Dick*, I must suspend my Judgment till I read your Play, and then — You know my frank Disposition so well, that you have no Reason to doubt but I'll speak my simple Thoughts.

Dick.

Dick. That Knowledge makes me exult in this Manner, being well assured of your Approbation. You are sensible I have one great Advantage over the Heathen, in having the Christian Pattern to finish the Character of my fine Gentleman! 'Tis there I triumph! there I quite eclipse old *Terence*!

Jack. Prithee, *Dick*, learn some Decency and Moderation in thy Transports; and don't insult that excellent Author on an Advantage which is owing to your good Fortune, not a Superiority of Genius over him.

Dick. I don't design so much to trample on *Terence*, as to rejoice at my own Felicity, in having been the glorious Instrument of reconciling these two seeming Contradictions, Christianity and Gallantry.

Jack. I must confess, *Dick*, 'tis an Undertaking well worthy the ablest Pen: For as the two Characters are the most sublime, it requires the utmost Skill to blend 'em so handsomely together, that neither the Christian may lose ought of the Strictness of his Principles, by the additional Gayety of the fine Gentleman; nor the latter abate of his facetious, chearful Humour, by the restraining Severity of the Christian. And then again, as they are the most exalted Representations in Life, and describe the utmost Degree of Perfection Human Nature can arrive at; what an Exactness of Thought and Contrivance, what an harmonious Delicacy of Style is requisite to form this sprightly, solid, gay, religious, Christian Gentleman!

Dick. Truly, *Freeman*, I was well aware of all this Difficulty, and therefore have spent three whole Years in Touching and Retouching, to finish all my Characters, but this principal one especially, after *Aristotle's* Model; which instructs us, either in Poetry or in Painting, to describe Men, not as they really are, but as they ought to be. Thus, to make my fine Gentleman complete, I have collected all the scatter'd Beauties

Beauties appertaining to either Character, without their Deformities or Faults; and thus array'd, my finish'd Hero shines.

Jack. But give me leave to take notice, that our great Criticks have thought it faulty to make a good Character wholly perfect; lest it should give Cause, tho' not a just one, to impious People to arraign the Justice of Heaven, for laying such exquisite Perfection under any Difficulties or Misfortunes: Besides, it would destroy its Likeness to Human Nature, which is by no means able to arrive at that consummate Height.

Dick. I confess there is some Truth in that Observation: However, it may serve as a Pattern for Mankind; and they will readily be brought, from the Amiability of Vertue, to think it their Duty, as well as Glory, to come as near that Example as may be. Truly, I'm afraid, if I have transgress'd any Dramatick Rule, 'tis that: But then, I have this to urge in my Defence; transported by a true Religious Zeal, I could not bear to think my Favourite Character should have one Blot.

Jack. But pray, Sir, what may be the Title of this finish'd Piece?

Dick. Why, I'll tell you; I have been this Twelve-month in fixing it. At first I came to a sort of a Resolution to call it *The Fine Gentleman*.

Jack. Very well; a Noble Title indeed! and how came you to alter it?

Dick. I consider'd that would be too plain: For tho' few can arrive at the Character, yet most People know what is meant by it; and you must understand, we deep Writers hold this a constant Maxim and a Rule to walk by, *Ars est celare artem*. 'Tis too vulgar to let every body know one's Meaning: Besides, 'twould prevent the agreeable Surprise of being let into it by Degrees. Add to this, the Obscurity of the Title carries a sort of a Secret with it, which pleases the

the curious *Gout* of most part of my Audience, especially those of the Feminine Gender.

Jack. Yet after all, *Dick*, this appears but trifling, to pretend to make (as you properly call'd it) a sort of a Secret of that which you design all the World shall understand. Tho' deep, yet clear, is a very fine Rule. But, to be free with you, you seem to misunderstand that admirable Instruction of *Ars est celare artem*: It does not mean you should be dark, or enigmatical; but that you should conceal your Fiction so well, that it may pass for Nature; that you should work up your Piece with such a Stretch of Imagination, such a Delicacy of Fancy (which depend on the Sublimity of your Genius) that it may bear a second and a third View, and so on, and still discover fresh Beauties:—That's the Glory of hiding Art with Art.

Dick. Alas! Sir, were we to follow those Rules altogether, how many of us Moderns, do you think, would bear reading? No, no; our Business is to perplex the Argument, and then many of our Readers will imagine there may be something in our Works, because they don't know what to make of 'em. Besides, Party Spirit, Prejudice and Ill-Nature, with many other necessary Qualifications, have an admirable Influence over the Minds of our Readers, and serve us in very good stead, when a sound Judgment and ready Wit are wanting. Thanks to my Stars, I'm not unprovided.

Jack. Why, *Dick*, have you lost all Grace? and can you glory in those Vices which are the Stain and Scandal of a Rational Being? If you design to recommend your Play by these Methods, I shall not think it worth my while to read it.

Dick. No; what I have now urged, may serve as a sufficient Apology for many other of my genuine Writings; but my Play is entirely free from the least Taint. Tho' I can assure you, if I thought the World would

would forget to apply the Character of my fine Gentleman, which I am so fond of, I would take the Pains to write a long Preface to prove him an exemplary Whig.

Jack. Prithee, *Dick*, lay aside thy peevish Notions of Party-Distinctions; thou hast not had extraordinary Success that Way; witness thy Remarks before-mention'd. I know thou hast a rancorous Disposition, which thou wouldst fain have construed as a devoted Zeal. But let me advise thee to leave off, and not persist in furnishing wrangling Fools in Coffee-Houses with Matter of Dispute and Squabble. All thinking Men despise thy unreasonable Methods to set them at Variance, and are humbly content to be sociable and good-natur'd, in spite of thy Endeavours to the contrary. — But all this while you have forgot to inform me what the Real Title of this notable Dramatick Performance is.

Dick. In a word then, I call it the *Conscious Lovers*.

Jack. The *Conscious Lovers*? I protest I'm at a loss to guess what can be meant by it.

Dick. Ha! ha! ha! There's the Joke and the Secret I told you of before. Why, Sir, 'tis so delicately abstruse, that no Man in *England* could have conceal'd the Design better.

Jack. But since you rely in some measure on my Judgment, prithee explain your Meaning.

Dick. You are to understand, then, these two Lovers are so desperately enamour'd, that with all their good Sense they dare not trust each other with the Secret.

Jack. Why so, pray? Is it above the Dignity of their Sense, or is it criminal to be in Love?

Dick. No, no; you are wide of the Mark: They are too well-bred to confess it.

Jack. Is it a Sign of Good Breeding, then, to hide the generous Passion of an honest Heart?

Dick. Not so, neither; but being so refin'd in their Manners, they scorn to tread in the Steps of others, and be so blunt as to speak their Thoughts: Ev'ry 'Prentice can do as much.

Jack. And, truly, I don't see what the best-bred Gentleman in the Universe can do more; but express himself in better Terms.

Dick. O fie, *Jack Freeman*, I'm asham'd of you! What? a fine Gentleman tell a Lady he's in Love with her; to call all her modest, *conscious* Blushes into her Cheeks, and put her into extreme Disorder and Confusion?

Jack. Really, *Dick*, I don't apprehend any great Violence done to her Modesty; nor an Occasion for any Confusion, but a very agreeable one, upon hearing an Offer of Love made from the Person she most admires.

Dick. 'Tis true, she approves the Love; but the Manner — the Manner, Sir; — there's the Nicety.

Jack. I profess, I cannot but approve the Manner that has been in Use in all polite Ages and Nations; and that is, an ingenuous Declaration in the Terms of Decency and Respect, making proper Allowances for the coy Restraints which Custom has impos'd on the Fair Sex.

Dick. No, Sir, that won't do. My Model is more delicate than that comes to: Instead of squeezing their Words thro' the Organs of common Sense, I make my Lovers converse by Intuition.

Jack. A very abstracted Notion! but how is it possible to understand one another at that rate?

Dick. Their Souls have a perfect good Understanding all the while, and are (as I call it) *conscious*; tho' neither of the Lovers can express the Assurance of a reciprocal Passion. Their Souls feast luxuriously upon Sublime Ideas (a Banquet too refin'd for common Sense) so that the poor Lady is strangely perplex'd to know what my fine Gentleman intends; and
he's

he's too much of a Gentleman to tell her : Nor is she ever like to know it from his Mouth.

Jack. How then ? how will they ever be able to come together ?

Dick. Pho ! that's a Question indeed ;— Now observe — In the Fifth Act I make the two old Fathers (who by that time become *conscious* too) thrust 'em together. — There's Fancy ! — there's Imagination ! — There's Genius for you ! — Ah ! *Freeman*, 'twould do your Heart Good to hear, what pretty, soft Contrivances, what ready Turns of Thought she has to draw him, if possible, into a Confession of Love ; and to observe how artfully he turns 'em all off, without clearing up the Doubts of her Mind. I profess, 'tis incomparably fine !

Jack. And so — she, as it were, courts him to a Confession, which he industriously avoids, tho' he has a mutual Passion for her ? and waits till the two old Fellows tack 'em together, without satisfying the Lady from his own Lips, that he really loves her ? — Methinks, that's not altogether so complaisant to the Lady, nor so kind to himself, as one might reasonably expect from a Man in his Circumstances : For the mutual Pleasure of declaring an honourable Passion, is not the Least Delight in Love.

Dick. That's true ; but you may suppose my fine Gentleman has very good Reasons for not coming to an *Eclaircissement* so readily as she would have had him ; which you'll be convinced of, when you read the Play.

Jack. Till then, I shall suspend my farther Judgment on the Case.

Dick. Let me inform you of one dexterous Master-piece of Cunning, to secure myself against the under Class of Criticks, who must be appeas'd, or my Play might run the Risque of being damn'd, in spite of all my Labour, and its Perfection.

Jack. That, I confess, seems to be a very material Consideration, and worth guarding against: For the Great Vulgar and the Small make up, for ought I know, nine Parts in ten of your Audience. But the Method to silence 'em? —

Dick. You must know, I have got a clever Prologue, wrote by a *Cunning Shaver*, which frightens 'em out of their Wits (and in smooth Language too) by telling 'em, that as I've been so bold as to correct the Viciousness of the Stage, and present a Play perfectly clean, and free from all Obscenity, I challenge an Applause from all those who have any Regard for Vertue and their own Reputations.

Jack. That, perhaps, may have some present Influence; tho' 'tis ten to one but they grumble in their Gizzards, and depart dissatisfy'd for Want of a luscious Refreshment.

Dick. Nay, I've a Salvo for that too; for to secure a *Plaudite* at last, I have a bawdy Epilogue.

Jack. How, how, *Dick?* a bawdy Epilogue to a virtuous Play!

Dick. Ay, marry Sir, and an admirable Contrivance too! And to give it the heightening *Goût*, I bring out my very fine Lady to laugh at my very fine Gentleman, for not making better Use of his Opportunities, &c.

Jack. This appears to me to be turning your Play into Ridicule, and only setting up Vertue for the Mobb to throw Stones at.

Dick. You are to take Notice, Sir, *Indiana* means no more than to describe the Behaviour of a modern fine Gentleman in such a Case.

Jack. That will not excuse her, *Dick*: For if, as *Horace* says, a Satyr, who comes staring from the Woods, must not be allow'd to be obscene and impudent; how monstrously vile is it, to suffer a fine Lady to talk at that rate, or to give the most distant Hint of any thing that bears a Relation to Immodesty!

Immodesty! What do you think the Judicious and the Grave will say to this?

Dick. Pho! I have an Answer ready for them: The Epilogue is not Part of my Play.

Jack. But 'tis Part of the Entertainment, Dick; and being the last, is the most likely to leave the deepest Impression. 'Tis true, 'tis altogether Modern, and therefore not treated of by the Ancients; but as 'tis generally the most witty Part of the whole Performance, it will be the most prevalent.

Dick. But I've yet another Trick, which I'm sure can't fail: That same *Cunning Shaver*, you must know, who wrote my Prologue, has furnish'd me with an Epilogue too; which I design to print, and omitt the Bawdy one.

Jack. And do you expect thus to get clear of the Imputation, after you have entertain'd the whole Town with it for a Fortnight, or more?

Dick. Never fear;—If I am press'd hard upon that Head, 'tis but abusing my Arraigner, bespattering him with a little *Billingsgate*, and setting him in the Class of *Small Criticks*: Or suppose I confidently give the Town the Lye, and declare there was no such Thing? Or, if that won't do, I'll swear I was Sick, and knew nothing of the Matter, and throw the Crime upon the Licentiousness of the Players: The D——I's in't, if I want an Assurance to go thro' with either of these Methods to screen myself.


Jack. Well, Dick, thou art an Original, I confess! —But the Play.

Dick. Here 'tis; and when you have perus'd it, I shall expect to see you again.



Dick.



Dick. ELL met again, my Friend! I suppose you have read my Play; and now answer me, Have I not good Reason for my Triumph?

Jack. Before I answer that Question, let me observe, you have made very free with *Terence* in your first Scene. —

Dick. Why, ay; — Give me leave in a Passage two to set forth the Beauty of my Translation (which you observe in my Preface I value myself upon.) Says old *Simo* — *Quas credis esse has, non sunt vera nuptia* — Now for my Sir *John* — *This Wedding of my Son's will never be at all.* — There's a Phrase for you! — *will never be at all!* — There's the true Spirit of the *English* Language! — Is it not fine?

Jack. 'Tis an odd Phrase.

Dick. Alas! Sir, all the Beauties of my Play consist in Oddnesses (if I may so call 'em.) — Once more for Illustration — Thus *Simo* describes the Temper of his Son,

*Sic vita erat; facile omnes perferre ac pati,
Cum quibus erat cumque una, iis sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis, adversus nemini,
Nunquam praeponens se illis.*

Now, Sir, observe; Sir *John* says, his Carriage is so easy to all with whom he converses, that he is never assuming, never prefers himself to others, nor ever is guilty of that rough Sincerity which a Man is not call'd to, and certainly disobliges most of his Acquaintance.

Jack. Prithce, what dost mean by a rough Sincerity? I take that Word to signify Uprightness or Integrity; to which, methinks, your rugged Epithet conveys a
very

very strange Idea.—— And, pray, what do you mean by a *Call* to that rough *Sincerity*?

Dick. 'Tis an Image drawn from a gifted Brother of the Humming Fraternity.

Jack. You might as well then have said, he was not possess'd by the Spirit of Contradiction, which I take to be the more proper Translation of *advorsus nemini*. You seem to be aiming, indeed, to describe that blunt, unseasonable Freedom, which always gives Disgust; but I can't think your Manner of Expression clear.

Dick. I beg you, Mr. Freeman, take particular Notice of this fine Description of *Glycer's* Behaviour, when *Pamphilus* catches her in his Arms to prevent her destroying herself.

Tum illa, ut consuetum facile amorem cerneret,

Rejecit se in eum, flens, quàm familiariter.

I think my Translation here inimitable, when *Indiana* recovers from a Swoon in *Bevil's* Arms.—*With the most familiar, tho' modest Gesture, she hangs in Safety over his Shoulders weeping; but wept as in the Arms of one before whom she could give herself a Loose, were she not under Observation.*

Jack. That hanging in Safety over the Shoulders, blubbing, had been a proper Description of a Butcher holding his half-drown'd Doxy fast by the Legs, to disgorge as she hung down his Back: Tho' I can't say that same familiar Gesture raises my Notion of the elegant Behaviour of a nice, well-bred Lady.—— But, pray, what Loose is that she could give herself, were she not under Observation? I don't see what farther Familiarity she could shew within the Bounds of Decency; and perhaps some of our nice *English* Ladies would have thought this too much, after she had recover'd her Senses.

Dick. I see you are prejudiced in favour of *Terence*; so 'tis to no purpose to insist longer on the Beauty of my Translation. Yet I can't forbear thinking

ing the Description of the Lady's Appearance admirably good. *Formâ bonâ & vultu adeò modesto, adeò venusto, ut nihil supra*—— Now, Sir, attend! Her uncommon Air, her noble Modesty, the Dignity of her Person, &c. There's a lofty Sound for you——

Jack. *Vox, & praterea nihil*, Dick, in my Opinion. I own, I think the agreeable Air much better express'd in *Terence*. And truly I'm of Opinion, *Mala mens, malus animus*, as indifferently translated by *I see it in the Rascal's Looks*.—— But (as Sir John says in his following Words) *we have dwelt on these things too long*.

Dick. Well, since I find you are not to be convinced, I shall expect my Applause from the Town. But don't you think I have made an admirable Exchange of *Terence's Funeral* for the *Masquerade*? Tho' my Fingers did itch to translate that celebrated Passage.

Jack. I think it was better let alone, for the Reason you mention in your Preface; for I am one of that Opinion, that you've already *made too free with Terence*. But I think *Pamphilus's* Behaviour much more excusable than *Bevil's*, and a less Cause of Jealousy to the Father. He only ran in to save a Lady from doing herself a Mischief in her Distraction; whereas *Bevil* was *leading his Lady in an Indian Mantle*, when he discover'd himself to his Father (p. 3.) The first Lady's Disorder proceeded from her Concern for the Deceased; the second's from *Bevil's* apprehended Danger; which could not well be construed otherwise, than an open Declaration of Affection; or, at least, an Evidence of a very familiar Acquaintance.

Dick. As to *Bevil's* attending on her at the *Masquerade*, there can be no Proof of an Intimacy in that; for, you know, great Liberties are allow'd in that Place between Sexes.

Jack. Yes; so great, that I wonder you would venture to bring your modest Lady there. Especially after

after what you have told us (*Spec. Numb. 8.*) concerning *Whispers, Squeezes, Nods, Embraces, &c.* and that the whole Design of that libidinous Assembly seems to terminate in Assignations and Intrigues for the Advancement of Cuckoldom.

Dick. Sure you would not have her afraid of trusting herself with Mr. Bevil?

Jack. Indeed, I don't expect it of her: If she could committ herself to the Hands of a Stranger, and after undertaking a long Voyage with him, consent to be maintain'd with the utmost Extravagance in the Condition of a Woman of Quality (*p. 27.*) without examining what Designs he had upon her.

Dick. Was it not Charity in Bevil to rescue a suffering Innocent, to relieve her in her Distress, and support her till he could get Knowledge of her Parents?

Jack. Do you call it Charity, to send at once 250 l. for a Sett of Dressing Plate, and to maintain her in ev'ry Point suitable to that Dignity? (*p. 28.*) Besides, does not *Isabella* sufficiently alarm her, and tell her, *Bevil* has Designs upon her Honour? that all this lavish Bounty is but a Plot? that 'tis impossible to Thought he should ever think of marrying a handsome Beggar? &c. Nay, *Indiana* herself says upon the Receipt of that Money——Now here's another Piece of Skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend.

Dick. O! but *Bevil* is a Man of Honour, a Man of Vertue, and very remarkable for his filial Piety; and therefore she might safely trust to his Management.

Jack. So she says, indeed; —— and believes him a Man of undoubted Truth, and gives a special Reason for't——that what he has spoke, has not been by an Organ that is given to Lying: No; his Eyes have told her that he was hers. (*p. 29.*) —— Admirably Romantick! ha! ha! ha! —— And so, Dick, as you observ'd before, she reads all the Thoughts of his Heart by
D Intuition,

Intuition, tho' he'll not declare one Word with his Lips.——Well, 'tis a credulous, loving Tit! and if the Ladies would all consent to be courted that Way, 'twould save the *Lying Organ* a prodigious Expence of Impertinence.——But, methinks, if she was so well satisfied of his honourable Love, she had no need (as she tells us p. 32.) of *laying such fair Occasions in his Way, that it shall be impossible for him to avoid an Explanation.*

Dick. This, you must know, is a Compliance with the scrupulous Temper of her Aunt.——Tho', 'tis true, she says,——*these Doubts are insupportable*——but that, you are to understand, was put in for the sake of the next Sentence——*But see! he comes, and clears them all*——What an amazing Influence have his *Conscious Looks!* 'Tis as if she had said, *The Sun-shine of Truth flashes from his Eyes, and dissipates all my foggy Fears.*

Jack. The Beauty of that Thought, *Dick*, is somewhat stale: I have often heard it sung in rueful Ditty, at the Corner of a Street. But notwithstanding this Flourish, her Doubts still remain, and the same Resolution to try him: And are ever like to remain; for as soon as he finds himself hard press'd, he runs off abruptly.

Dick. That was to avoid bringing things to an Extremity, and falling out; ——*I had best be gone,* says he, *while we are Friends.*

Jack. What! was our fine, well-bred Gentleman in danger of losing his Temper, and quarrelling with the Lady?

Dick. No, not a down-right Quarrel; only a petty Squabble, perhaps.——The Falling-out of Lovers, you know, is the Renewing of Love; and he being a Gentleman of an extraordinary Education, might think it very gallant to give her a Proof of his Passion that Way. But besides the uncommon Gallantry

Gallantry of that Method of Courtship, he could avoid, by such means, an open Declaration.

Jack. I can't help thinking it has a nearer Resemblance to Catterwauling than Gallantry: But, I believe, he's the only fine Gentleman who ever refused to ease an importuning Lady of her Perplexities, when the Method of doing it, would give him an Opportunity of declaring the Bent of his own Affections. — The poor Nymph, it seems, is so dissatisfy'd, that she begins to think *he is wholly disinterested, and has neither good or bad Designs upon her.* — I much question, whether our *English* Ladies can relish the Decency of that Expression. — But 'tis a sign this accomplish'd Lady (as you call her) knows very little of the World, to imagine all this could be done without some View.

Dick. O! but she tells you, *he has the mere Pleasure of doing it.*

Jack. I defy the Kingdom to produce one Instance, within the Memory of Man, where a private Gentleman has maintain'd a Lady at the extravagant Expence of Quality, for the mere Pleasure (forsooth) of doing it. But, methinks, this Pleasure should arise from some solid Foundation. We are instructed to believe, this prudent, pious, considerate Gentleman did it with a *Charitable Intention*. If so, 'tis the greatest Abuse of Charity he could be guilty of, to lavish as much upon One, as might support, perhaps, Fifty indigent Souls. — Well; but *Isabella*, to wipe off *Indiana's* Suspicion of *Bevil's* Indifference, assures her, *she has no Reason to fear it*; upon which the modest Lady brightens her Countenance, and says, *You please me when you tell me so.* — She knew very well what her Aunt was driving at, that *Bevil* courted her for a Mistress only, and so may well be supposed ready to consent to that, if she could rise no higher.

Dick. O! but you do her Injustice; she tells you in the same Speech, that *she knows he will pursue his Wishes with Honour.*

Jack. The Damsel had admirable Skill in Physiognomy, to read that in his Looks. Ask the first vertuous Lady you meet with, *Dick*, whether she would consent to be maintain'd at this rate by the first pretty Fellow who offers; and whether she could be content with a Supposition only, that he meant honourable Love, when he would not condescend to make the least Advance towards it; whether his whole Behaviour might not, from Nature and Custom, be construed as a sly, artful Attack upon her Honour.

Dick. You are still harping upon her trusting herself with a Stranger. Would you have had her in her Extremities refuse his Assistance?

Jack. No; but I would have advis'd you to have consulted Decency a little better, than to bring her under those Extremities. *Terence* understood better things. *Pamphilus* became acquainted with *Glycery* by degrees; and was conjur'd by *Chrysis* on her Death-Bed, in the strongest, most pressing Terms, to guard her Innocence and Honour from Insults. *Pamphilus* makes a solemn Promise to perform it: So that *Glycery* is not to be call'd in question for a fond unreasonable Credulity; nor does *Pamphilus* give her any Cause to suspect a treacherous Dealing.

Dick. Why, the Truth of it is, if I had not been scared a little, I should have made more free with *Terence*, and——

Jack. I don't approve of that neither. Methinks, 'tis necessary a Poet should have a Genius of his own. Invention is absolutely necessary to Poetry; without which, a Poet is but a Plagiary. *Horace* seems to have but a very scurvy Opinion of you Imitators at best. *O imitatores, servum pecus, &c.* But give me leave to observe, *Dick*, this excellent Pattern of
Vertue,

Vertue, with all her Gentleness of Disposition, grows at last (p. 80.) most outrageously profane. *All my Comfort*, says she, *must be to expostulate in Madness, and shrieking to demand of Fate, Why, why was I born to such Variety of Sorrows?* — It needs no Comment; 'tis plain she's to find Comfort in her Madness, by taxing Heaven with Injustice.

Dick. Pho! — but this is to be when she is mad; and Madness, you know, is an Excuse for all Extravagance.

Jack. But why must this good Lady's Afflictions drive her to Madness? The *Spectator* says (N^o. 163.) *The Mind that hath any Cast towards Devotion, naturally flies to it in its Affliction.* — This good Lady then, it seems, is to run counter to Nature, for the sake of being profane.

Dick. I see you make no Allowance for Poetical Flights.

Jack. If by Poetical Flights you mean such unnatural, abominable Starts, as serve to disgrace and spoil the Beauty and Harmony of your Character, I confess, I can by no means allow them. Elegant Expressions, which *Horace* calls *Operum Colores*, properly adapted, are noble Ornaments, and serve to heighten the Beauty of your Charmer, and make her appear more lovely than naturally she is. 'Tis thus you give us a lively Representation of the best Nature, wrought up to the noblest Pitch: And thus you answer both Ends of Comedy, to instruct and please.

Dick. Consider that Expression as the Effect of Passion; and, sure, the dreadful Apprehension of the Misery she thought herself then falling under, may excuse her.

Jack. By no means, *Dick*; there was a glorious Occasion for her to shew a pious Resignation, as the *Spectator* advises on such-like Occasions. Besides, the Dignity of the Character must be kept up; and you might as well have made her Obscene, as Profane;

fane;——Absurdities both!——But, after all, 'tis a good-natur'd Creature, and easily satisfy'd, being assured *Bevil* is not indifferent. The *Conscious Innocent* is resolved to reject her Aunt's Advice, and depend altogether on *Bevil's Conscious Honour*, as she is pleas'd to call it: Tho', I think, she had as much Reason to suspect that, as his *Conscious Love*.——Well, *Isabella*, it seems, was *Conscious* too——

Dick. Nay, Sir, I'm sure you can have nothing to object to her Conduct, when she took so much Pains to guard *Indiana's* Innocence.

Jack. Ay, and 'tis well to be wish'd she had taken as much Care to guard her own. She seems to understand Mankind pretty well, and tells *Indiana* (p. 29.) that *Mens Modesty serves their Wickedness, as Hypocrisy gains the Respect due to Piety: That there are among the Destroyers of Women the Gentle, the Generous, the Mild, &c. who, when they have gain'd their Designs, turn to the Contrary of those Characters: Serpents, who lie in wait for Doves. Won't you be on your Guard against those who would betray you? Take it from me, fair and natural Dealing is to invite Injuries; 'tis Bleating to escape Wolves, who would devour you! Such is the World——* (now comes the *Conscious Aside*) and *such* (since the Behaviour of one Man to myself) have I believ'd all the rest of the Sex.——Would not a Man be induced to think, (after reckoning up the *Wolves, the Destroyers of Women, &c.* with all this bitter Invektive against them) that *Isabella* was *Conscious* with a Vengeance?——To add to this Suspicion too, she observes, when *Indiana* goes to receive *Bevil's* Visit——Oh! to be sure, keep up your Form; don't see him in a Bedchamber:——Then apart she cries——*This is pure Prudence, when she is liable, where-ever he meets her, to be convey'd where-e'er he pleases.*——Truly, in my Opinion, she seems to be thoroughly *Conscious* of the Practice.

Dick,

Dick. O fie! Mr. *Freeman*, you are too cenforious. Does she not tell you afterwards, she is, *against her Will*, what they call an *Old Maid*?

Jack. Why ay, *Dick*, she referrs it to the Phrase of the Times;—she is *what they call an Old Maid*, — which great Part of the World often knows to be an Old W — But, it seems, 'tis fore *against her Will* that she is under these unfortunate Circumstances. — Poor Creature! — I fear the Want of that — stale Convenient, a Husband (as Ladies of her Faculty are pleased to call it) might lay some small Restraint upon her, and hinder her from indulging her Passions as often as her Inclination serv'd. — If it was really no worse, than that her *Lover* left her, why did she speak it aside from *Indiana*? She might have made a very good Use of that Experience, to have convinced her Niece of the Treachery of Mankind. But she is not afraid *Bevil* should leave her, when she talks of his *Wicked Hopes*; but her Concern is, that he will, by artful Insinuations, gain her Affections, and afterwards debauch her; — and then reflects aside with Bitterness on her own Case. — And this, I think, is all that's remarkable in her Character; unless it be her Recantation of these groundless Fears (as she calls 'em, p. 82.) without any manner of Conviction from *Bevil* that they were so, and without hearing any more of him; and so begs *Indiana's* Pardon for her hard Suspicions, without knowing whether they are just, or not.

Dick. Well, I find you are not over and above complaisant to the Ladies; so, to divert your Severity a little, pray give me your Opinion of *Tom*; I think I may join *Phillis* with him, since their Characters have so near a Relation to each other. — There's something new and entertaining for you! Are not they a Brace of clever Creatures?

Jack.

Jack. New, I confess, they are! and very particular. But give me leave first to observe, that no Persons or Characters are to be admitted, but what are necessary to carry on the grand Design. Now I don't see how they contribute towards that, in any other Capacity than as common Servants; and yet they have more Business and Discourse together, than any two Persons besides. But, to wave that Consideration, what's the Design of these two Characters?

Dick. Ah! *Freeman*, now I see you are shortsighted, and don't discern how finely I expose the Coquets of either Sex in them.

Jack. What! are the Gentlemen and Ladies to be corrected by their Footmen and *Abigails*?

Dick. No; but when they see how odious and contemptible any Behaviour appears in Persons of their Rank, they'll take Care to amend it in themselves.

Jack. I don't readily come into that Way of Reasoning: For what is ridiculous in the lower Class of Mankind, may not be so, but, on the contrary, very becoming in the higher. What is Affectation and awkward Mimickry in one, may be a graceful Air in the other.

Dick. What then, you think Foppery and Affectation may become those of a higher Rank?

Jack. Not so, *Dick*, neither; but, in short, Persons of Condition will never stoop to behold their Likeness in their Servants; and therefore are by no means liable to take a Hint from them to correct their Follies. If you would expose the Vices of a Gentleman or Lady, do it in the Character of either, and then they may think it worthy Notice, and so become sensible of the Deformities of Vice and Folly. As for those of their own Order, I fear neither *Tom* nor *Phillis* will be able to make Converts; for the Humour is so diverting (which is generally all that strikes that Part of the Audience)

ence) that I don't question, but if every Footman and Chamber-Maid were to be ask'd separately, they would approve of the Characters. I fancy, *Dick*, if the Truth was known, you had no other View in setting out those two Persons, than to gain a Clap from the Twelve-penny Gallery.

Dick. I confess, I had a Glance that Way. However, you'll allow 'em diverting? and that's one End of Comedy.

Jack. Ay, *Dick*; but when you are to please, you must do it in the Road of Nature: You are not to present Monsters, only for the Populace to gaze at: You would take it very ill, if the Mobb alone should approve of your Comedy; and truly, I'm afraid, when it comes to be examin'd, you'll have very few Admirers of a superior Order. ——— I find, *Dick*, in the Mixture of these Characters, Foppery, Gallantry, Sense and Observation, work'd up with a great deal of Humour, and all too large for the Size of common Servants.

Dick. I confess, I have taken a great deal of Pains in the Composition, and did expect a great deal of Applause for my Skill. You know in a general Character, the Poet, as well as the Painter, is allow'd the Liberty of stretching a little beyond Nature.

Jack. True; but not so as to destroy its Likeness. *Supra*, but not *contra*, *Dick*, is the Rule. But here you are got quite out of the Road; you have here drawn us some *Grotesque Figures*, altogether unnatural, and inconsistent with the Characters of Mankind. This is what *Horace* describes in the very Beginning of his *Art of Poetry*, by a Figure with a Human Head, a Horse's Neck, a Bird's Wing, and Fish's Tail; a strange Jumble of Parts belonging to different Species, the Product of a wild Imagination.

——— *risum teneatis, amici?*

——— But 'tis a Sneer of Contempt, *Dick*, and will probably be follow'd by a Hiss.

E

Dick,

Dick. Nay, now I see plainly you have no manner of Taste; — Next to my Fine Gentleman, these are my Favourite Characters.

Jack. I don't wonder at that; they are your own proper Issue. — But give me Leave to think, you have a very unhappy Brain, that can whelp Monsters only. However, I'll not endeavour to cure your Fondness, give me Leave to make good my Charge.

Tom, it seems, came to Town but *as t'other Day* a great awkward Cubb (p. 5) and on a sudden starts up a polite Fellow, understands *Italian*, as appears by a Comparison of his own with *Crispo's* Fate, and, *à propos*, sings his Mistress an *Italian Air*: And when *Phillis* expresses her Jealousy, that the same Address has been made to Mrs. *Judy*, *Tom* handsomely replies, *Don't disparage your Charms with Jealousy of so worthless an Object.* — Gallant indeed!

What a handsome Turn does he give to his seeming Vanity (p. 39.) when he tells *Phillis*, he would not be other than what he is? — *I am glad*, says he, *of my Poverty; perhaps, if I were rich, I should overlook the finest Woman in the World, that wants nothing but Riches to be thought so.* — — Ay, marry Sir! there's a notable Flight of Gallantry! and a substantial Compliment! — But no Wonder; for *Tom* has a ready Turn of Thought; and some of the best Expressions in the Play. — That Gallantry is still pursued; — *I should*, says he, *perhaps, have been stupidly above her, had I not been her Equal; and by not being her Equal, never had an Opportunity of being her Slave.*

Dick. Look you there, now! Did you ever hear a Footman talk better in your Life? I own, *Tom* is my very great Favourite.

Jack. I confess, I did not expect such neat Expressions from an illiterate, awkward Cubb: And because I think it unnatural, I call the Character absurd.

But

But *Tom* has Humour as well as Gallantry above his Sphere. He rallies poor *Humphrey*, till he has not one Word to say for himself, and describes the Formality of ancient OEconomy with a great deal of Pleasantry (*p. 6.*) And sure, in this Place, *Dick*, you'll allow him to be a well-bred Gentleman, when he speaks contemptibly of the Clergy, by calling one *a Formal Fellow in a Black Gown*:——That, I believe, you'll allow to be the finishing Stroke of modern Politeness. From hence I discern *Tom* is a Favourite indeed.

Pag. 11. *Tom* describes the fantastick Lady with the very Spirit, if not the Language, of the *Spectator*. I have only offer'd a Specimen of *Tom's* Abilities. In short, you have endow'd him with such admirable Capacities, that he's not only able, but does, with great Dexterity, shift all Shapes from the well-bred Gentleman to the Livery.

Dick. *Tom* is a clever Fellow, that's the Truth of it; and notwithstanding all that you have said, I can't help being in Love with him. Besides, since (as *Tom* tells you) many of his Rank *whip into their Masters Wigs and Linnen*, and make very flourishing Figures in Publick Places, why may we not suppose him one of that Polite Sort?

Jack. I can allow a Footman, by the Addition of a *Laced Coat*, to arrive at the Dignity of a *Gamester*: But I can't allow him Politeness; unless I might suppose, he could as readily *whip* into his Master's Understanding, as his Furniture.

Dick. I don't think it impossible to produce an Instance of a Lacquey, who has an equal Understanding with his Master.

Jack. That may be; yet a single Instance is not enough to justify a general Character. Besides, I can't tell how to construe such an Indulgence otherwise, than a bitter Satyr upon Gentility. I fancy, *Dick*, you dress'd up *Tom*, to compliment some

very shining Gentleman of this Age, and of your Acquaintance, to keep up their Spirits a little, and let them see they need not be ashamed of their Extraction and Education; for there may be a bright Fellow found amongst their old Fraternity, *the Party-coloured Regiment.* — One Word more, and I have done with *Tom.* — I think, what is said of my Lord *Foppington* may be apply'd to him; *He rallies his own Humour so well, that (was it not above Nature) the World would be inclined to laugh with him, not at him.* *Phillis* is *Tom's* Counter-Part.

Dick. Ay, you can't but say, their Characters agree well together.

Jack. I confess it; *Caliban* and his Sister exactly, as to Likeness. *Mrs. Monster* enters with a very high-flown Piece of Affectation (p. 9.) *The ordinary People,* says she, *do so stare to see any thing (dress'd like a Woman of Condition) as it were on the same Floor with them, pass by.* — The *Jade* has a discerning Judgment too — *I would be (says she, p. 10.) of a Fortune neither to stand nor go, but to totter or slide, to be short-sighted or stare, to steer in the Face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me; and if I was rich, I could twine and loll as well as the best of 'em.* I see, *Phillis* is a very elegant Observer of her own Sex, to be able so readily to distinguish these several Airs, and so concisely to run thro' the whole Behaviour of a Coquet. Most People can mimick an Air; but to be able to distinguish and describe, requires Penetration; which *Phillis* does not want, it seems. — *Oh! Tom (says she, p. 42.) you grow wanton and sensual; you should behave if you had a right Sense, and were a Man of Sense, with Distance and Indifference, or with seeming Inadvertency, &c.* — Thus *Phillis's* Style and Observations are infinitely superior to an *Abigail.* She has Sense enough too, after she has been playing the Coquet, to recollect herself, and as it were censure her late Behaviour, and tell *Tom* in common Phrase,

Phrase, *We have been fooling and toying, and not consider'd the main Business of our Masters and Mistresses.* Thus, we see, *Phillis*, as well as *Tom*, can lay aside the Coquet at a Minute's Warning, and return to a downright Servant. 'Tis pity, methinks, *Tom* and *Phillis* should come together, and sink to ordinary Drudges, since they have both such polite, refined Notions.

Dick. A good Hint, I profess! and, since they don't consummate here, I don't know, but in my next Play I may make *Tom* whip into his Master's Wigs and Linnen, and marry a Fortune; and *Phillis*, by the like Transformation, may set up for one.

Jack. But, methinks, this flaunting *Phillis*, with all her fine Airs, might have been less pert to a Gentleman, than to banter him in his Perplexities, by telling him, *he should fire the House to come at his Mistress*; and when he starts at it, she cries (p. 67.) *Why, don't we hear every day of People hanging themselves for Love? and won't they venture the Hazard of being hang'd for Love?* — Very sawcy, and very familiar, truly!

Dick. Oh! but you must make Allowance for the forward Impertinence of a Chamber-Maid.

Jack. Really, *Dick*, you shall hardly meet with a Chamber-Maid who will shew such familiar Impudence to a Gentleman's Face, who is in a fair Way of marrying her Mistress. But Mrs. *Phillis* understands much better. — However, 'tis poor *Myrtle's* hard Fate to be treated scurvily on all hands: The patient Gentleman desires her to talk plainly as to what she would have him do; and tells her, *he is not in a Condition to be in very good Humour*: Yet all won't do, till *Tom* reprimands her, and bids her come to the Business, and not keep the Gentleman in Suspence. Well, when she has told her wild Project, as *Myrtle* calls it, he gives her Money, and kisses her; upon which, with strange Indecency she cries,
O fie!

O fie! my Kisses are not my own; you have committed Violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right Owner; — then runs and kisses Tom.

Dick. That, I confess, was a little rude before the Gentleman's Face: But, you may suppose, she was under some Confusion at being so improperly transported.

Jack. Truly, Dick, I can see no Sign of Confusion; unless this must pass for one, that she forgets to talk *English*, and does not know how to express her Meaning. — But she carries the Rudeness farther yet, and runs off from the Gentleman with a Sneer of Contempt and Ridicule. Come, says she to Tom, *see me down Stairs, and leave the Lover to think of his last Game for the Prize.* — Was ever such abominable Insolence, such outrageous Impudence?

Dick. Well, I find, Mr. Freeman, you are out of Humour, and are resolv'd not to be pleas'd.

Jack. I confess, Dick, I cannot digest Absurdities. There is nothing of Nature in these two Characters, nor are they of a Piece. However, I'm not so much out of Humour, but I can give you a Word of Advice; — If you'll invent new Characters, take Care that they be just, and that none of the Parts be repugnant and incoherent. Observe *Horace's* Rule for once:

*Si quid inexpertum Scenæ committis, & audes
Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.*

Dick. You took some Notice just now of *Myrtle's* being treated scurvily; pray, what do you mean by it? I dare stand up in his Defence, as he is the chosen Favourite of my darling, unexceptionable fine Gentleman.

Jack. 'Tis for that very Reason I think him treated scurvily. For since your fine Gentleman has chosen him for a Friend, I think his Character ought to

to have been rais'd. Men of Judgment generally choose those for their Friends, who come the nearest to 'em in Age, Fortune, Temper, and Inclination. There are many requisite Qualifications for a Friend, such as Discretion, Vertue, Knowledge, Constancy, Faithfulness, &c. Instead of a Friend thus form'd, *Bevil* has chosen the most peevish, weak, rash, inconsiderate Man alive.

Dick. How, how, Sir! you do me an Injury, to raige Mr. *Myrtle* at this rate.

Jack. Have Patience, *Dick*, and I'll make it appear. His first Entrance is to question *Bevil* concerning the Rumour of his Marriage with *Lucinda*. *Bevil* tells him that *he must seem ready to do it*; but adds, *You know I have ever told you, you might make use of my secret Resolution never to marry her, for your own Service, as you please. But I am now driven to the Extremity of immediately refusing or complying, unless you help me to escape the Match.*— Here *Bevil* repeats his positive Resolution never to marry her, and calls on *Myrtle's* Assistance to help him to escape it. One would imagine, *Myrtle* should rejoice at the Confirmation of his Friend's Resolution, and immediately consult Measures for their mutual Interest: Instead of that, he replies (p. 24.) *Escape, Sir? Neither her Merit, or her Fortune, are below your Acceptance.*— *Escaping do you call it?*— A very friendly and considerate Answer! ha?

Dick. O! but you must remember a Man in Love has not always his Senses about him.

Jack. But since you are content to be an humble Imitator, *Dick*, why did not you consult your Friend *Terence* upon that Circumstance? *Charinus* behaves himself towards *Pamphilus* ten times more like a Gentleman, and a Man of Sense, upon the like Occasion. When *Pamphilus* tells him,

Nuptias effugere ego istas malo, quàm tu adipiscier;
Charinus replies, *Reddidisti animum*, You have restored
me

me to Life. What a peevish, rash, ill-judging Fool is *Myrtle*, when compared to him!

Dick. But you don't observe how he excuses himself for't in his following Reply.——*Such is my humourous, and sickly State of Mind, since it has been able to relish nothing but Lucinda, that tho' I must owe my Happiness to your Aversion to this Marriage, I can't bear to hear her spoken of with Levity and Unconcern.*

Jack. That is, I am grown so unreasonably forward, that tho' my Happiness depends on your not marrying her, I can't bear to hear you say you'll strive to avoid it. For that was all *Bevil* said; he did not mention one Word about her Merit or Fortune, tho' t'other ridiculously charged him with it. However, *Bevil* stands corrected, and falls to commending her *Beauty, Shape, Wit, &c.* Then the poor jealous Coxcomb cries out, *Nay, don't speak of her as if you lov'd her, neither.*——How is this unaccountable Wretch to be satisfy'd? But, pray, where is the *Morum Comitatus* all this while, so requisite among the Qualifications of a Friend, in the Opinion of the *Spectator*, Numb. 68.?

Dick. Is not Jealousy then to be rank'd among the Passions of a Lover?

Jack. Yes; but this uncouth Mortal is only jealous where there is no Occasion; and is hardly to be moved, tho' his Friend tells him several Reasons why he should guard against *Cimberton*. However, when he hears of a Settlement to be drawn between this *Cimberton* and *Lucinda*, he is prevail'd upon to undertake a Project of personating (in Conjunction with *Tom*) the two Lawyers, to confound Matters.——*Bevil* gives him all the Assurances Man can have, that he is taking Measures for his certain Security, and that he may rest entirely confident in his Fidelity. But the good-natur'd, obliging, discreet Friend, forsooth, only tells him, he'll be as confident as he can.

Dick.

Dick. What! would you have a Man go beyond what his Temper will allow?

Jack. No; but I would have had him a little better temper'd: — I would have had him learnt of *Charinus* to put a generous Confidence in his Friend, and cry, *Sat habeo*.

Dick. Would you, then, have advised me to turn Plagiary altogether, and taken *Terence's* Characters entire.

Jack. Truly, *Dick*, I think that had been more pardonable, than, by altering 'em, to turn 'em into Monsters.

Dick. Well, I'm resolv'd to try how far your Spleen will reach; and therefore will have Patience to hear you out.

Jack. Come on, then. — The next News we hear of *Myrtle*, with regard to his Friend, is, that he sends him a Challenge upon a Suspicion of underhand Dealings between him and *Lucinda*: And his whole Foundation for it is, a blind Account of a Letter sent, and an Answer received, without knowing the Contents of either.

Dick. Was not here a sufficient Foundation for Jealousy? which, you know, often arises from trivial Causes, and bare Suspicions.

Jack. But where's the Prudence, where's the Discretion of the Friend? Would not the considerate Man, the Man of Honour, without the Obligation of Friendship, when he fancy'd himself injured, (which was *Myrtle's* Case) have expostulated first, and have sought some convincing Proof of his Wrongs, e'er he had proceeded to that A&? Any Man in his Senses had done so. Surely, then, the Friend should have given his Friend all Opportunities of clearing his Innocence, especially after the Assurances he had received.

Dick. Ay; but, you know, *Myrtle* is a passionate Man; and *Tom's* fumbling for an Excuse, when he examin'd him about carrying and receiving the Letters, confirm'd his Jealousy; and the Challenge was wrote immediately upon that.

Jack. I don't find, that *Tom* could give any Account of the Contents of either. So that, in short, this Madman, or Fool, (which you please) would have cut his Friend's Throat upon a bare Suspicion of clandestine Treachery; tho' he had all the Reason imaginable to judge those very Letters tended to promote his Interest, if there was any Truth in Man, in his Friend, and one who, it seems, had the Character of a Man of unspotted Honour, Fidelity, and Veracity.

Dick. But no Man, you know, can help his Infirmities.

Jack. 'Tis thy Fault, *Dick*, for giving him such a weak Mind, and making him a Friend to thy fine-distinguishing Gentleman.

But let us see how this agrees with *Charinus's* Behaviour. — He sends his Servant to observe *Pamphilus*; *Byrrhia* overhears *Simo* tell his Son, that he must marry to day; upon which *Pamphilus* replies, as from a fixt Resolution, (for so it must seem to *Byrrhia*) that he is ready to obey his Commands in that, or any thing else. *Byrrhia* has no Reason to doubt, but that *Pamphilus* has alter'd his Mind, or that he deceived his Master at first. *Byrrhia* makes his Report; *Charinus* comes, full of Reproaches, to upbraid *Pamphilus*; but, after a Manly Debate, is well satisfy'd, that *Davus* advis'd that Confession to *Simo*, and that his Friend had no Design to wrong him. This is acting like Men, and not like Brutes, to snarl and quarrel without a justifiable Cause.

Dick.

Dick. Yet, notwithstanding his unruly Passions, he gives *Bevil* an Opportunity of vindicating himself before the Sword is drawn.

Jack. There, I think, he has the Advantage of *Bevil*; but that Part falls more properly under the Consideration of the Favourite Character. In the mean time, give me Leave to consider *Myrtle* under his Disguise.

Dick. Ay, was not that a clever Contrivance, to bring in him and *Tom* disguised like two Lawyers, to squabble about the Deed of Settlement, and so to breed Delays by perplexing the Case?

Jack. As to the Contrivance of the Settlement, I don't readily apprehend how such a Treaty could well be supposed to be carried on by the Mother, without the Father's Consent, when at the same time (as *Bevil* tells us, p. 25.) other Articles were ready for signing between him and *Lucinda*, by the Father's Order.

Dick. Oh! *Tom* gives you a very good Reason for that; he says, *The Gray Mare is the better Horse.*

Jack. That does no where appear by any Authority exercis'd by her, nor by any Submission on his part. — Quite otherwise. — But however, suppose we could swallow that Absurdity; let me ask you, is it probable that such Concerns as these should be put into the Hands of Persons not known to either Party? I believe, 'tis not usual, but upon extraordinary Recommendations. If the Truth was known, *Dick*, you had a Mind for a Fling at the Lawyers.

Dick. I can't but say, they have frequently provoked my Resentment; and I'm sorry 'tis not in my Power to repay 'em otherwise than by a Joke.

Jack. Methinks, the Attack is hardly fair, considering you are a Limb of the Law yourself, tho'

of the Inferiour Order.— I shall pass over the Absurdity of *Bramble's* unreasonable Passion without any Provocation, and at a Time when he was supposed to talk to be understood; and only consider the Immorality of exposing a Natural Infirmary in *Target*.

Dick. Hold, hold, Sir; *Bevil* tells you, (p. 26.) that his Impertinence is the Occasion of its breaking out to that Degree; and confesses at the same time, 'twould be an immoral thing to mock him, were it otherwise.

Jack. But Mrs. Sealand informs *Cimberton*, (p. 50.) that the Conveyancer is slow, from an Imperfection in his Speech, and therefore shunn'd the Bar. From hence we may reasonably infer, that it was a natural Impediment. But suppose it the Effect of Impertinence only; Is there no Way to chastise Folly, but by exposing a Natural Infirmary? which should always be thought of with Concern, and treated with Decency, in every Degree of Life; but never be set up to Publick View and Ridicule, on any Pretence whatsoever. For once, *Dick*, I'll take your Word for the Immorality of it.

Dick. But you must consider again, *Tom* was an illiterate Fellow, and therefore could not be supposed to have Law enough to talk; and so was to have an Excuse for saying nothing.

Jack. It had been well too, if you had found out some other Excuse for *Myrtle*: Surely, *Tom* could have behav'd himself as well as he; and, if I may judge from the Conversation of both, *Tom* is a Man of much better Sense, and fifty times his Humour, which I take to be a Talent particularly concern'd in Impositions of this Nature. In a word, Sir; 'twas to raise a Laugh from the ill-judging, unreflecting Mobb; of which the Actor seem'd very sensible, and placed himself at the Front of the Stage accordingly; and, to do him Justice, screw'd wild

his Face into a very distorted Posture, and, without being impertinent at all, was unable to answer the first easy Question put to him by the Lady.

Well, poor *Myrtle* is like to be sufficiently mortify'd for his playing the Fool, to become the Jest of a sporting Chamber-Maid; at least, 'tis what would mortify most Gentlemen. But *Myrtle*, (notwithstanding his *silly Frame of Mind*, that did not know how to put a proper Construction upon any thing his Friend said to him) this peevish, touchy Blade is grown so passive, that he can suffer himself to be sneer'd by a Servant (p. 67.)

Dick. You forget, Sir, she is going to bring him to his Mistress; and you must consider, a Man will bear a great deal upon those Occasions.

Jack. Why ay, *Dick*, thou hast given me the Hint: She does propose an Expedient, but so wild a one, as *Myrtle* calls it, that he has no Opinion of it at all; and yet he implicitly gives himself up to the Guidance and Discretion of *Nab*, who tells him but half the Project; and cries, *Leave the rest to me*. Wisely resolv'd! and much becoming the Character of a considerate Gentleman! at least, one who ought to have been so, had he been a Friend properly chosen. You are to consider, Sir, *Myrtle's* Poorness of Spirit reflects a Weakness on *Bevil's* Judgment.

Dick. I must own to you, *Myrtle* is not a very amiable Character; but I had this farther Design in it, to make him serve as a Foil to *Bevil*; with whom I was so enamour'd, that I resolv'd to give him all Advantages of appearing to the greatest Perfection.

Jack. A Person of a very moderate Share of good Qualities may appear to Advantage, set by one who has none at all; but a complete, finish'd Gentleman should appear remarkably excellent among

mong those who have some, tho' not an equal, Pretence to the Character with himself. But if you will have an Opposite to set off your Favourite, let him stand at a convenient Distance, and in a proper Posture, to shew the Opposition. There is an old Maxim, indeed, *Contraria juxta se posita, magis elucescunt*. But then, like the Figures of the *Groupes*, their Faces and Bodies must contrast each other. But instead of turning 'em a different Way, you set 'em together; and, to make your Piece yet more absurd, by the Union of Friendship make 'em one.——I suppose too, *Myrtle's* Mistress was design'd as a Foil to her Sister *Indiana*.

Dick. Nay, you can't but say, *Lucinda* behaves herself handsomely upon all Occasions, and has a good Share of Prudence.

Jack. So 'tis a sign, *Dick*: Her first Appearance is with her Chamber-Maid, to whom she tells the Secrets of her Heart; and turns her Mother's crude Notions into Ridicule, (like a dutiful Child) and *Phillis* assists to shew the Absurdity of 'em, (p. 44.)

Dick. As to placing a Confidence in the Chamber-Maid, 'tis what almost all fine Ladies do; and where such a Confidence is placed, 'tis natural for them to unburden their Thoughts upon all Occasions.

Jack. This general Charge, *Dick*, is a Satyr upon the Ladies.——But still 'tis a Weakness; and you are not to argue from the Practice of Fools in Defence of Folly, and expect to justify it that Way. If the Lady had not a retentive Faculty, you should have given her a Confident of suitable Quality.

Dick. Her Mother, you know, was a very strange Woman.

Jack.

Jack. A strange one, indeed! But however, 'tis not decent for her own Daughter to make a Jest of her to her Chamber-Maid.—*Lucinda* seems design'd for the Character of a well-bred Lady; but, I fancy, her Nurse was one of the *Ladies of the British Fishery*, who took some Pains to make her Mistress of the Talent of Abuse: And truly she's an apt Scholar, and has a delicate Sett of Words, such as *unseasonable Puppy, stupid Coxcomb, Monster, hideous Sot, &c.*—How musical must these Words be, from the Mouth of a fine Lady!

Dick. You know, *Cimberton's* Behaviour, as a Lover, was very provoking.

Jack. Confess'd: But I don't think any Excuse can justify you in suffering a well-bred Lady (for so *Lucinda* was design'd, tho' she falls short of the Character) to be transported beyond the Bounds of Decency, upon any Occasion. From the Behaviour of your Ladies in general, we may reasonably conclude, either you don't understand the Dignity of a Polite Lady's Character; or you are so great a Woman-Hater, as not to allow one of good Behaviour among the Sex.

Mrs. Sealand pretends to a very refined Notion of Things, but is humbly content to be *Cimberton's* Eccho only, and to applaud and admire all he says.

Dick. Don't you think I mawl the Pedants off very handsomly in the Character of *Cimberton*?

Jack. Really, *Dick*, I don't believe there is one Man in the World whom the Character will fit: On my Conscience, 'twill fit the easiest on yourself; Half Scholar, half Jockey; half pert, half dull; half insensible, half wise; half reflecting, half agreeable, half otherwise. Give me Leave, on this Occasion, to apply a Distich of the Lord *Rocheſter's*;

*Made up of all these Halfs, he cannot pass
For any thing entirely, but an Ass.*

Dick. That's what I design'd him for; so that with all these Halfs, as you call 'em, I have work'd the Character up to the greatest Perfection.

Jack. These are some more of your *Grotesque* Figures, *Dick*. I allow Scope for your Genius; but still you must always have your Eye upon Nature: Whenever you bring forth without her Assistance, 'twill certainly be a Monster. I'll say that for thee, thou hast a rare Collection! Twopence apiece next *Barlomew-tide*, may rise to a considerable Profit; ha, *Dick*, what say'st thou? 'Twill certainly be a good Expedient to raise the *Posse*.

Dick. This is unfriendly, *Mr. Freeman*, to banter me: However, I can excuse the Jest, since there is the Jingle of Money in it.

Jack. You can't in Reason take it ill, since I am providing for your future Benefit. — But how comes it to pass, that *Cimberton* is complaisant enough to every other Person, and only rude to his Mistress?

Dick. That shews he had no great Value for the Lady, and that he was an ill-bred Pedant.

Jack. But he had a strong Passion for her great Fortune; and had Sense enough to know, he never could hope to gain her Consent by such coarse Treatment. — In a word, you have drawn no Character consistent: Your wise Men often turn Fools, and your Fools are occasionally, or when they think fit, wise Men.

Methinks, this Marriage proposed by *Mrs. Sealand* between *Lucinda* and *Cimberton*, looks like a blundering Affair. *Cimberton*, it seems, (as *Phillis* observes, p. 44.) has a Bed in *Sealand's House*, in order to carry on the Courtship; and *Mrs. Sealand* has been in Treaty with *Cimberton's Uncle* (*Sir Geoffry of the West*) who has actually consented to the Settlement

ment (p. 45.) and yet I can't find, Mr. Sealand knows any thing of the Matter.

Dick. There I must put you in Mind of Tom again, *The Gray Mare's the better Horse*. And when Phillis tells her (p. 73.) Mr. Sealand is going to marry her young Mistress to Mr. Bevil, observe her Reply; — *How! Nay, then he shall find she is my Daughter as well as his: I'll follow him this Instant, and take the whole Family along with me: The disputed Power, of disposing of my own Daughter, shall be at an End this very Night.* — There's a Termagant for you! And don't you suppose she was acquainted with her Power?

Jack. One would be apt to think so, by the Fury of her Threats. Yet, notwithstanding all that Fire, she finds Mr. Sealand at *Indiana's* Lodgings, disposing of his discover'd Daughter to *Bevil*, who asks his Consent for *Myrtle* to marry *Lucinda*. *She is his* (says Sealand) *without Reserve.* — All this before Mrs. Sealand's Face, without so much as asking her Consent, or consulting her about it; nay, he takes no Notice of her: And she (good Woman!) has lost so much of her high-flown Courage, as not to offer one Word against it. And just before the Confirmation of *Lucinda's* Match, when *Cimberton* observes to Mrs. Sealand, her Husband is busy, and cannot attend their Affair; she replies, *Let us have Patience, Sir.* There's for you! It seems, notwithstanding all her secret Contrivance, and her positive Resolution to govern, she dared not so much as once oppose her Husband's Will.

Dick. But Sealand was a Cit; and therefore 'twas necessary his Wife should pretend to govern him at least.

Jack. But was it necessary Sealand should be a Cit, in the contemptible Sense of that Term? Here, Dick, you shew your Want of Judgment,

in treating with Ridicule your best Character. We are told (p. 18.) that *Mr. Sealand* was a younger Brother of an ancient Family, and originally an eminent Merchant of Bristol; who, upon repeated Misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the Indies: There Providence again grew favourable to his Industry, and restored him to his former Fortunes.——

I see nothing contemptible in this Character; on the contrary, we are told, *Mr. Sealand* was a Gentleman of a good Family; nor is it the least Part of his Commendation, that his present Affluence was owing to his Industry, without any Blot upon his Honesty. Nor is it inconsistent with any Part of his Character, to suppose his Education Liberal, and him a very rational Man: And, indeed, I see no Part of his Behaviour that contradicts it.

——Why, then, must this Gentleman be treated as an humble, insignificant, despicable Wittal?

——a Cully, to be led by the Nose at the Will of a termagant, senseless Wife? —— despised by *Sir John*, even while he's treating with him about a Match for his Son with *Sealand's* Daughter? —— and the Laughing-stock of a sneering Footman?

Dick. Why, to confess the Truth, I thought it almost a Breach of the Rules of Comedy, not to have one Blow at the Citizens; and I could not contrive it any where so well, as in the Character of a Merchant.

Jack. But then, his Behaviour should have been such as might deserve Laughter and Contempt. No Person should be laugh'd at, but whose Vices or Follies make him a proper Object of Ridicule. Scoffing is one Method of Chastising: But *Mr. Sealand* is a Gentleman, an honest, industrious, well-behaved Man, and a careful Father; add to this, the Father of the incomparable *Indiana*. Vertue, I think, is never to be the Object of Contempt; and 'tis the Business of the Poet so far to consult
Decency

Decency and Regularity, as not to suffer his most licentious Debauchee to point with Contempt at any one array'd in that Garb; unless that Contempt be follow'd with immediate Chastisement, as an Example of Terror to such Daring.

I would fain know, which End of Comedy this Character answers. — *Instruct* it cannot, for Virtue's despised; *Please* it cannot, because the Behaviour does not answer to the Character given: Therefore 'tis absurd and monstrous.

Dick. But after all, *Sealand* is not that discreet, well-behav'd Gentleman you take him for. Sir *John* tells his Son (p. 16.) that *Sealand* is a moody old Fellow, &c.

Jack. Either Sir *John* says this to divert his Son's pressing Solicitation to go with him; or basely abuses *Sealand*. Let us observe which is the wisest Man of the two. When they meet, (p. 61.) Sir *John* begins in an insolent Manner to value himself upon his Genealogy and Descent from an ancient House; to which (if we may believe young *Bevil*, p. 18.) Mr. *Sealand* appears to have an equal Pretence. However, he waves that Consideration, and banters Sir *John*'s Notion in good Humour, with a whimsical Account of the *Genealogy of his Cocks*, till Sir *John* grows Cholerick about it. However, *Sealand*, to avoid farther Impertinence, enters upon the Merits of the Cause; and tells him, *his main Objection is to the Morals of his Son* with regard to *Indiana*, whom he is supposed to keep (in the modern Sense of that Word) and goes on with good Sense, and a good discerning Judgment, to point out the Inconveniencies and Mischiefs that may fall on his Daughter, should he consent to match her with *Bevil* while thus engaged; gives Sir *John* all the Opportunities of clearing his Son's Honour; speaks of him at the same time with full Respect; and lets Sir *John*

know, that's the only Impediment, the only Reason, why he refuses his Daughter; takes upon himself the Charge and Trouble of the Enquiry into *Ladiana's* Character; and treats her, upon the Enquiry, with as much Generosity and Honour, as the most polite Gentleman could have done on the like Occasion. Upon the whole, Sir, this Gentleman's Behaviour is the most regular, the most honourable and generous of all the Characters; and yet he is treated by 'em with most Contempt.

Sir *John* behaves himself upon this Occasion so unbecoming a Gentleman, and a Man of Sense, that I much wonder how you could ever design him for either.

Dick. How, Sir! deny Sir *John* to be a Gentleman? I thought his Title would secure him that. I look on the Insinuation as a Reflexion upon the whole Order of Knighthood; and myself am concern'd in the Vindication.

Jack. Truly, his ridiculous Behaviour to *Sealand*, makes his Title sit but more awkwardly on him: Which is the Case of many an unhappy Knight, who has nothing but a Title to produce in Defence of his Honour. Sir *John* first begins with despising his Descent, while he is soliciting to unite the Families; is so far from vindicating his Son's Morals, with regard to his keeping this Nymph, that he insults *Sealand*, and tells him, *That what might injure a Citizen's Credit, may be no Stain to a Gentleman's Honour*; (which by the bye, I know not how to construe otherwise, than a tacit Consent to his Son's Guilt) makes no other Reply to *Sealand's* substantial Reasons, than *My Son's a Gentleman, Sir, — discreet, Sir, — sober, Sir — a Man of Merit, Sir —* And (tho' *Sealand* urges his Suspicions with all the Caution and good Manners the Case would admitt of; and consents

sents to go and sift the Affair, with a Desire to prove the Imputation false) Sir *John*, like an ill-judging, unthankful Wretch, calls him *peevish*, — and *lately civil*. However, contemptible as *Sealand* appears in Sir *John*'s Eyes, the Merit of his great Wealth over-balances all Faults.

In a word; Sir *John* wants to persuade *Sealand* to bestow his Daughter on his Son (*whose Affections are known to be prepossess'd, either in an honourable Love, or given over, past Redemption, to a vicious one*) and yet Sir *John* is so far from making use of soothing Arts, to bring *Sealand* over to his Design; or endeavouring to palliate and extenuate his Son's Faults; that, in the first place, he would have *Sealand* take it as an Honour, that he'll condescend to match his Son in his mean Family; and tells him moreover, that Whoring is no Stain upon a Gentleman's Honour.

Dick. Nay, there, Sir, you do me palpable Injustice; Sir *John* says no such thing.

Jack. Nothing can be plainer, than that *Sealand* suspected it, by objecting to *Bevil's* keeping *Indiana*; nor could Sir *John* understand him in any other Sense. — I leave all the World then to judge, if any other Construction can be put upon his Answer. After this, to cry out on every Occasion, *My Son's a Gentleman*, — *discreet*, — and so on, is abominably ridiculous, and what no Man in his Senses could think of any Weight.

Dick. Well, if Sir *John* was a little deficient, you must consider him (as he tells *Humphrey* afterwards) *under a Rack of Head and Heart*; and so let his Perplexity apologize for his weak Behaviour.

Jack. Something might, perhaps, have been said, if old *Simo* under the same Circumstances, had not instructed him better: *Simo* considers with himself,

Nunc Chremem conveniam: orabo gnato uxorem.

Simo was sensible, considering the Suspicions his Son

Son lay under, he could not treat with *Chremes* on the Level; and therefore Entreaties were to be used to obtain the Favour. *Simo* makes low Submission; begs in the most pressing Terms, that *Chremes* would not deny him the Favour. When *Chremes* hints at *Pamphilus's* Immorality, as the Cause why he cannot comply, *Simo* tells him, that *Glycery* and his Son are fallen out, and that he has good Reason to hope, they may be separated with Ease.

Prithee, *Dick*, tell me ingenuously, what Spight hast thou taken against poor *Terence*, that thou art resolv'd to murder all his Characters?

Dick. You may insult as you please; yet still I insist, that Sir *John* manages the Affair with more Wisdom and Discretion than old *Simo*, and has a more difficult Task.

Jack. That may be consider'd, *Dick*.—— Sir *John* talks over the Business with his Steward, or Footman, (I know not which) and gives him in Charge, to observe *Tom's* Motions, that he may play no Tricks; then visits his Son, to gain a Confirmation of his Consent to marry *Lucinda*: His next Appearance is to conferr with *Sealand*; after that, we have no more of him, till he is surpriz'd with the Discovery of *Indiana's* being *Sealand's* Daughter.

There does not appear a great deal of Business or Perplexity in all this; and how ill he has managed the only difficult Point, I have already taken Notice.

Simo leaves the Charge with *Sofia* to observe his Son's Motions, as well as *Davus's*; at the same time uses all possible Diligence. himself; meets with *Davus*, threatens him severely, watches him narrowly; pries in every Corner; over-hears what *Glycery's* Servants observe about *Pamphilus*; is perplex'd about *Glycery's* Crying-out; softens *Chremes* to a Compliance; meets with fresh Disappointments: In short, his whole Time is spent in contriving,

triving, managing, prying, sifting, examining, with all the Care and Dexterity that a tender Father could use on such an important Occasion.—I leave any one to sum up the Total of either side, and determine which was the most careful, the most tender, and the most prudent Father.

Dick. Pray, Sir, what did you mean by that Glance at *Humphrey*, Whether you must call him Steward or Footman?

Jack. If I was to consider him under the Title of *Friend*, (with which both Sir *John* and his Son are pleas'd to honour him) I might at least suppose him rais'd to the Quality of *Steward*, for his signal Services and Fidelity. If I view him under the Contempt with which *Tom* treats him, (when he calls him, *heavy Inmate*, — *domestick*, or *ordinary Drudge*) I might reasonably conclude him a *common Servant*, and not fit to be dignify'd with the Title of *Friend* by his Master.— But, to wave that Consideration, *Humphrey* is order'd by Sir *John* to find out *how far Tom is let into the Secret*. He, I know, (says Sir *John*) *will play Tricks, as much to cross me, as to serve his Master*.—— But I don't find that *Tom* ever offers any Advice to his Master, as *Davus* does to *Pamphilus*; nor is any otherwise concern'd about the Affair, than to do the common Offices of a Servant. So that I see no Occasion for Sir *John's* Suspicion.

Dick. That, I confess, was somewhat impertinent in Sir *John*; but I could not lose so glorious an Opportunity of displaying my Talent of Translating: Which, if you'll speak from your Heart, I know you must admire.

Jack. I only beg leave to repeat *Terence's* Words, and then judge of my Admiration.

*Quem ego credo manibus pedibusque obnixè omnia
Facturum, magis id adeo mihi ut incommodet;
Quam ut obsequatur gnato.*

I cannot

I cannot but admire the elegant Version of *manibus pedibusque obnixè*! — From hence 'tis apparent you are a perfect Master of both Tongues.

But let us see how faithfully Mr. *Humphrey* discharges the Trust reposed in him. — Truly, when *Tom* comes in, immediately after Sir *John's* Departure, he does not say one Word to him about Sir *John*; tho' his last Words were, 'Tis your Part to convince the Rogue *Tom*, that I am in earnest. — A trusty Steward, indeed! — Well, *Humphrey* interposes in the Dialogue between Father and Son (p. 16.) and (like an honest, faithful Friend) whispers the Son to banter his Father. What else can these Words to young *Bevil* mean? *Press your Readiness to go to the Bride* — he won't let you; — And presently after joins in it himself, *Pray, Sir, let me beg you to let Mr. Bevil go*: — Then whispers to Sir *John* — *See whether he will, or not*; and at the same time knows the Father will not consent, and that the Son has no real Inclination. — When Sir *John* examines him (p. 64.) concerning his Son's Resolutions, he deceives him in every Answer.

Dick. You must consider, *Humphrey* lov'd both Father and Son; and as they were carrying on separate Views, 'twas impossible for him to manage, so as not to deceive one, or both.

Jack. I agree with you: But, O *Dick*! how much below *Terence* art thou in Judgment! He wisely foresaw the Impossibility; and therefore, not to destroy the Character of Honesty and Integrity, which *Simo* had bestow'd on his Servant, never suffer'd him to appear in the Scenes after the Orders given.

Dick. Well, Mr. *Freeman*, you have examin'd the several Characters, rather with the ill-natur'd Severity of a Critick, than the ingenuous Impartiality of a Friend. My fine Gentleman only remains

mains; and he, I'm confident, has Charms enough to excuse them all. I own, my Passion for this Fondling makes me carelessly overlook the rest. Observe his first Appearance! how considerate! how graceful! how pious! how worthy Applause, and how fit for Example is it, under all the Anxieties of Mind, to consult the Moral Writers, and by the *Mirroure of Vertue* to set his Spirits (as he says) for the *Vicissitudes of the Day*, better than the *Glass* does the Person.—Don't you think it inimitably fine?

Jack. I can't but say, *Bevil's* first Appearance is very advantageous, and gives us great Hopes of an exact Behaviour. After thus adjusting his Spirits, we may reasonably expect his first Resolutions will be well worthy this noble Preparation.—And so, to give us a Specimen of his Improvement, he very religiously and dutifully resolves to tell his Father a confident Lye, (p. 13.)

Dick. How, Sir! 'tis but an honest Dissimulation, as he tells you himself; to whom I may apply *Horace's* inimitable Expression,

—fuit in parentem

Splendidè mendax.

Jack. I fear, Dick, you have forgot *Horace's* Odes, as well as his *Art of Poetry*: Therefore I must put you in mind, that the Breach of Promise so finely described there, prevented the greatest Breach of the Laws of God and Nature, which *Hypermnestra* had been guilty of, had she (according to her Father's Command, and her Promise) murder'd her Husband.—But call you this an honest Dissimulation, deliberately to deceive his Father, by giving a ready Consent, and yet resolve to run counter to his Commands, in an Affair against which there was no Religious nor Moral Injunction? The whole Case is this; his Father suspects him, either foolishly or viciously engaged with an Incognita; to wean him from her, proposes a

H

Match

Match with *Lucinda*; *Bevil* privately sends her a Letter, to let her know the Pre-engagement of his Affections; in contemplative Soliloquy debates on his present *Dilemma*, and comes to this Resolution: — *Well, then, with the Assurance of being rejected, I think I may confidently say to my Father, I am ready to marry her.* — So that the Father is doubly deceived, by *Bevil's* clandestine Endeavour to frustrate the Design, and by his vow'd Obedience to his Commands, when he means nothing less. — But pray, *Dick*, what Moral Writer told him *Diffimulation* was honest? I fancy, 'twas a Book of your own Penning. The *Spectator* says, (*Numb. 103.*) *Diffimulation* is a perpetual Inconvenience, because it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousy and Suspicion; so that he's not to be believ'd when he speaks Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly, &c. This must have been *Bevil's* Case, had his Father detected him. But I'm afraid this Deceit is attended with abominable Aggravations.

Dick. Nay, there I defy you; the most you can make of it is a plain Deceit.

Jack. Let's examine. The Father immediately comes to visit him, and *Bevil* is as good as his Word, and lyes with as firm a Countenance as if he had been used to it; and tells Sir *John*, He fears he shall like her too well; for she has a great many needless and superfluous good Qualities. — Pray, Sir, does *Bevil* mean what he says? Are good Qualities really needless and superfluous?

Dick. For one of her Fortune, he says. And, you know, the World generally looks no farther; and is altogether regardless of good Qualities, provided there be Money enough.

Jack. Then *Bevil* should have spoke it as the Opinion of the World, not as the Result of his own Thoughts. However, while Sir *John* and his

Son

Son are debating, honest Mr. *Humphrey* interposes, and whispers young *Bevil* that he should press his Father to go to the Bride, for he's sure he won't let him. Upon which, *Bevil* grows in Raptures about the young Lady; pretends he can't live without the Sight of her; and is most importunately troublesome to his Father, to gain his Consent to visit the Lady. What is this but bantering him, and adding the most outrageous Impudence to his first Crime? Is not this a Behaviour suitable to the most profligate, rebellious Son?

Let us consider *Pamphilus's* Behaviour under like Circumstances. *Simo* surprizes him in the Street, with the sudden unexpected News of a Match he had provided. *Pamphilus* is Thunder-struck, and unable to speak: When he comes to himself, tho' under the greatest Variety of Distraction, and Perplexity of Mind, full of Fondness towards *Glycer*, keeps still his filial Piety superior to all other Thoughts; all his Passions yield to that. *Eine ego ut adworser?* (says he.) *Hei mihi! incertum est quid agam.* This was a miserable Case, indeed, and worthy Compassion. — To proceed: *Davus* (a subtle, diligent Fellow) finds out that old *Simo* only proposed the Marriage, as a Trick to try his Son's Obedience, and to find out his Thoughts with regard to the *Incognita*: Therefore *Davus* advises him to give his Consent. *Pamphilus* starts at the Thought, and crys out with Indignation,

Egone dicam? — nunquam faciam; suadere noli. *Davus* used all his Art to persuade him, that 'twas the only Method to divert his Father's Anger, and to gain Time. *Pamphilus* at last agrees to *Davus's* Advice. *Simo* comes on him e're he had time to cool and recant, (which, by his Reluctancy, 'tis more than probable he would have done) and gains his Consent, and immediately they part.

Dick. Pamphilus's Concern was not the Fear of lying to his Father, but of losing *Glycery*, and being married against his Inclinations; as appears by his next Words, *ut ab illâ excludar, hac concludar.*

Jack. Without doubt, Pamphilus dreaded the fatal Consequence; but *Davus* first put him in mind of it, by saying, *ex eâ re quid fiat, vide.* But 'tis all along consistent with Pamphilus's Character to be afraid of offending his Father, and of doing any thing unbecoming a Man of Honour; and therefore 'tis reasonable, and morally, as well as religiously, just, to suppose the first Start proceeded from the Dread of telling his Father a Lye. Thus, then, I may safely interpret Pamphilus's Thoughts. — *Egone dicam?* Shall I dare to lye to, and deceive my Father, and run the Risque of losing *Glycery*, whom I love, and being married to *Philumena*, whom I do not love? *Nunquam faciam; — suadere noli.*

Dick. 'Tis a very perplexing Case, truly, of either Side.

Jack. But whose Perplexities were greatest, and consequently which had most Tryals to prove his Vertue?

Bevil had a great Estate in Possession: Pamphilus had his whole Dependence on his Father. *Bevil* was not engaged to the *Incognita*: Pamphilus was, and had a Child by her. *Bevil* could afford to maintain her splendidly: Pamphilus knew not how to get Money for her common Subsistence. *Bevil* had Time to deliberate on his Father's Command, and temperately told a Lye, and insulted after it: Pamphilus was surprized with the Order; and was hardly to be persuaded to dissemble a Consent, when he was convinced his Father did not design to pursue it. *Bevil* had an Assurance given him from *Humphrey*, that the Affair was in no Danger of

of coming to a Conclusion; add to this, a Confirmation of it from *Lucinda* herself, nor had he any farther Perplexity about it; but on the contrary, it was all Air and Gayety, as *Myrtle* tells him, p. 23. *Pamphilus* had only *Davus* to advise with, who depended althgether on broken Hints and uncertain Conjectures: *Chremes*, who at first appear'd averse, afterwards changed his Mind, and gave Consent; and *Pamphilus* was continually under the greatest Concern and Anxiety imaginable. — 'Tis an easy Matter to determine, which of these two Gentlemen appears most remarkable for filial Piety, Bravery under Affliction, and Regularity of Conduct.

Dick. Give me Leave to observe, Sir, that 'tis more difficult to preserve a Regularity of Conduct under an Affluence of Fortune, than under low Circumstances: For as the first is liable to most Temptations, it affords most Tryals of Vertue: In this Condition, *Bevil* far out-shines *Pamphilus*.

Jack. I am by no means of your Opinion. To steer right in a Calm, is an easy Matter; but to struggle with Winds and Waves requires a wise, experienced Pilot. The Temptations which the Rich are liable to, are only such as offer to the meaner Passions; which a Man of Reason can easily guard against, and scorns to indulge: But to bear up against Necessity, and the Contempt of the World, which usually attends the Low Estate, requires a double Strength and Firmness of Mind. Poverty shocks Reason, and makes a vigorous Attack upon Integrity: Few Men are able to stand the Tryal without shrinking. — *Bevil* and *Pamphilus* are both supposed to be Gentlemen of liberal Education, and virtuous Principles: Thus guarded, 'twas no difficult Matter for *Bevil* to maintain the Post of Honour: Should he be at last obliged to desert *Indiana*, he had a fair Excuse

to

to the World, which was enough to keep his Mind at Ease; or, should he obstinately persist, he was in no Danger of being turn'd out of Doors, and reduced to Poverty. Poor *Pamphilus* could by no means forsake *Glycery* (to whom he was engaged) and preserve his Honour; and was in Danger of being reduced to extreme Necessity for his Perseverance. In a word, *Pamphilus* was in Danger of losing his Mistress and his Honour, or of preserving them in Penury and Want: But *Bevil* was in Danger of neither; for he had an Assurance from *Lucinda*, that she would reject him; which was more than *Pamphilus* had from *Philumena*. I think, 'tis no longer a Question, which of the two had most Tryals for their Vertue, or which was the most Religious Man.

Dick. *Pamphilus*'s Obedience might proceed from the Fear of being turn'd out to starve, having his whole Dependence on his Father; but *Bevil* could be under no such Apprehensions, being in Possession of a great Estate, separate from his Father: Therefore his Obedience, and Vow never to marry without his Father's Consent, must proceed from an innate Principle of filial Piety; and in that Particular his Vertue is more conspicuous, and meritorious, than that of *Pamphilus*.

Jack. 'Tis a hard Censure, and without Foundation either in Religion or Morality, to imagine *Pamphilus*'s Obedience arose only from a selfish View. 'Tis an establish'd Principle, I presume, (and, I am sure, a good-natur'd one) to put the best Construction an Action is capable of bearing. From a thorough View of *Pamphilus*'s Behaviour, 'tis evident, his Duty has the proper Motives: So that I don't see why *Bevil* should out-shine him in that respect. But all this while, you beg the Question on *Bevil*'s side. Had he been really dutiful, I would have allow'd him the Credit and
Glory

Glory of it in its full Height. His Vow never to marry without his Father's Consent, looks like a Sham, when we consider the fix'd, determin'd Love he bore towards *Indiana*. It only serves to make him more inconsistent with himself. Besides, we are to suppose this Vow was made before he had any Concern with *Indiana*; and, by his Proceeding, 'tis evident he's endeavouring to break it as fast as he can. However, this does not at all palliate the Act of Disobedience; which consists in giving his full Consent to his Father to marry *Lucinda*, and suffering him to treat about the Match, tho' he had before given a private Resolution to *Myrtle*, never to marry her, and (unknown to his Father) had sent a Letter to *Lucinda*, to desire her to refuse him; and thus was undermining his Father's Endeavours. What is this, but tricking his Father? Wherein then lies the filial Piety? In the Deceit, I suppose. — In a word, I see no Claim *Bevil* has to the Credit of being a dutiful Son, unless Deceiving, Lying to, and Bantering his Father, can make it good.

Dick. Sir, I still say, and say again, *Bevil* is a dutiful Son, a faithful Friend, and —

Jack. Hold, *Dick*, let us examine his Fidelity to his Friend. In Friendship there must be an unlimited, generous Confidence; and that mutual. *Bevil* is so little sensible of this, that he does not trust *Myrtle* with the Affair that most concerns him. When *Myrtle* comes to expostulate with him about *Lucinda*, he does not tell him one Word of the Letter, tho' 'twas *Myrtle's* Interest to have known it. Is this like a Friend, to one who had a Title to know the Secrets of his Heart, much more those in which he was jointly concern'd?

Dick. Perhaps, *Bevil* did not think of it.

Jack. The Moment *Myrtle* enter'd, he was giving Orders to *Tom* to go again, and wait for an Answer (p. 23.)

Dick.

Dick. The Matter was not ripe for his Knowledge.

Jack. He should have trusted him with every Step and Advance; nay, he should upon all Accounts have consulted him about it.

Dick. That had prevented the Challenge, and spoil'd the whole Design of my Play. You know, I tell you in my PREFACE, *I wrote the whole Play for the sake of that Scene.*

Jack. I fear, *Dick*, 'twill hardly get you Praise enough to reward your Labour.——But let's see how this wise, considerate Gentleman behaves himself on the Occasion.

He enters in the Fourth Act, and after examining *Tom* concerning *Myrtle's* Behaviour, and the Circumstances relating to the Penning this Challenge, he tells us, *how thoroughly disturb'd he is, that this hot Man* (as he calls him) *should treat him thus.*

——Well, what's to be done? Why, *Lucinda's* Letter is to be read over again; wherein she thanks him for his handsome Manner of declining a Treaty of Marriage with her; tells him her Fears, that *Cimberton* will fall to her Lot, unless *Myrtle* exerts himself for their common Safety and Happiness.——Is not here a substantial Reason, why *Myrtle* should be made acquainted with the Letter?

Dick. Oh! but she desires *Bevil*, in the next Line, to conceal it from him till hereafter.

Jack. Ridiculous! *Myrtle* is to proceed on Measures to frustrate the Treaty with *Cimberton*, and yet is to be kept ignorant of the Business!

Dick. But she tells you why, in the Postscript; *The Jealousy of Myrtle's Temper gives her some Terrors.*

Jack. Of what Nature were those Terrors?——That he would cut *Cimberton's* Throat?——Or be displeas'd at her writing to *Bevil*?——The Friend should have interposed in the first Case; the

The second clears itself---*My Esteem for him*, says she, *inclines me to hope that Jealousy only an ill Effect, which sometimes accompanies a tender Love, and what may be cured by a careful and unblamable Conduct.*—

What Jealousy cou'd possess a Lover's Brain, that this Letter wou'd not cure? — Methinks, 'twas strangely silly in *Lucinda* to say so much, if she had not a mind *Myrtle* shou'd know it. In short, I cannot apprehend the least Shadow of a Reason for concealing this Letter, which the Necessity of *Myrtle's* Diligence to over-turn *Cimberton's* Pretensions does not destroy.

Dick. However silly the Woman might be, *Bevil* was obliged to keep the Secret; since she made him (as he says) her *Friend and Confident*, and put herself in a kind, under his Protection.

Jack. I don't see any other Confidence she places in him, than to trust him with a Declaration of her Abhorrence of *Cimberton*, and her Affection for *Myrtle*. — And I don't discern how she puts herself under his Protection, (even in a kind, as you express it) any other way than by trusting him with a Secret, which 'twas not fit all the World shou'd know, lest she shou'd be censur'd for Forwardness. — I take this to be the Meaning of the Letter.

Sir, I thank you for refusing me; but if your Friend does not busy himself very speedily for my Rescue, I shall be marry'd against my Inclinations. But pray don't tell him of it, for I'm afraid of his Jealousy, tho' I hope he'll be cured of it in time.

Who can tell now, what this odd, inconsistent Nymph wou'd be at? — Oh! but Mr. *Bevil's* a Man of Honour, and so he must keep the Secret; that is, he must abuse his Friend, neglect his Interest, (by which, for ought he knew, the Girl might be lost) and all for the sake of being thought a Man of Secrecy (forsooth;) tho' he tells us at

the same time, *That he cou'd serve him and her, by disobeying her.* There's a Man of nice Honour for you ! there's your Man of refined Notions, and deep Penetration ! who can risque his Friend's Repose and Happiness, for the sake of keeping a silly Girl's Secret, who does not know her own Meaning. *But then this Duelling broils in his Stomach ; how shall I,* says he, *preserve myself from Imputations there ? He'll call it, or think it Fear, if I explain without fighting.*

Dick. Look you there, Sir, what wou'd you have a Man do in such a Perplexity ?

Jack. Can it be call'd Fear to do a Man Justice ? to shew him that his Suspicions (for which, in appearance, he had good Grounds) were not just ? Is it cowardly to convince a Man, that you have not dealt dishonourably by him ? See the Force of Prejudice ! I always thought it generous and honourable to confess a Fault ; much more so, to convince a mistaken Man, that you never was guilty of it : And in this Case *Myrtle* is not that rash, unthinking Wretch you wou'd persuade us to believe him ; which will appear presently.

Let us consider the Words of the Challenge.——
Sir, You have us'd me basely, in corresponding and carrying on a Treaty, where you told me you was indifferent, &c. Here's the Foundation of the Resentment ; and what has *Bevil* to do, but to clear himself from the Imputation ? No, but he's a Man of too much Honour ! he's to abuse his Friend farther yet ; by an affected Coolness, to render his own Innocence yet more suspected ; and when he has work'd up his Friend's Passion almost to Madness, out comes the Secret ; and then he's to be applauded—for what ?—No Man alive wou'd guess—Why, even for his Superiority of Temper, Understanding, and Piety. *Oh Dick ! O te cerebri felicem !*

Well, *Myrtle's* at the Door, and *Bevil's* resolv'd upon his Carriage to him ; and with a great deal of

of Gravity assures us, he'll *make Allowance* for Myrtle's distrustful Temper.

I shou'd have mention'd one Circumstance of Aggravation, which was, *Bevil's* teasing Answer to the Challenge. With an — *I have yours* — *I shall be at Home.*

Dick. That shew'd the Sedateness of his Temper.

Jack. It shew'd he had a mind to work up his Friend's Passion, with a Design to triumph o'er his Weakness; but he does not succeed in that.

Myrtle expostulates about the *Abuse* *Bevil* has made of his Simplicity and Frankness; and charges him with a Breach of Friendship, therefore demands Satisfaction for the Injury. — *Bevil* does not endeavour to wipe off the Aspersions, but only replies —

Sir, You know I have often dared to disapprove that Tyrant-Custom, so contrary to Laws, Divine and Human. —

Myrtle very pertinently answers, — *Mr. Bevil, it wou'd be a good first Principle in those who have so tender a Conscience, to have an Abhorrence of doing Injuries. —*

Most reasonably said, and fit, in my Opinion, for the Mouth of as religious a Man, as *Mr. Bevil* wou'd appear to be! Are not those strong, persuasive Calls on *Bevil* to clear his Innocence? Surely, such an Expostulation as this may be allow'd to carry the Force of Persuasion with it. Yet this most provoking Wretch, with an affected cool Face, urges Religion and Morality against Duelling; but is not aware, that on both these Considerations he's obliged to do Justice to his injur'd Neighbour; the Appellation of Friend surely strengthens the Obligation.

Dick. But, *Sir*, he has done him no Injury; and still, I say, he's obliged to keep the Lady's Secret.

Jack. He did him a palpable Injury in concealing the Letter sent to *Lucinda*; which *Myrtle* as a Friend, and a Party concern'd, had a Right to know. In my Opinion too, *Bevil* stands Guilty of

all the Aggravations his Friend charges him with; for not to vindicate in such a Case, is a tacit Acknowledgment of his Guilt. Suppose farther, he was obliged to keep the Lady's Secret; was there no Way of excusing himself to his Friend? Might he not have said—My Friend, I own I appear Criminal, but I conjure you by the Honour you have always found in me, and by our strong Friendship to believe I have done nothing in this Affair, but what tends to your Interest? I am piqu'd in Honour to keep one Thing a Secret from you a little while; in the mean time, I can give you this general Assurance, that there wants nothing but your Industry and Management (in which you may be sure of my Assistance) to make *Lucinda* yours.

Dick. But, perhaps, *Myrtle* wou'd not have been thus satisfy'd.

Jack. Bevil, it seems, had neither Honour, nor Good-Nature enough to make the Tryal; tho'tis highly probable, *Myrtle* wou'd have been pleas'd, if we may judge from his own Words, when he says, — *Mr. Bevil cannot doubt, but I had rather have Satisfaction from his Innocence, than his Sword.*

But *Bevil* scorns to clear his Innocence, instead of that, goes on to tease *Myrtle* about the Crime of Duelling. — Poor *Myrtle* tells him, (and in moving Terms too) — *You, Sir, have the best Excuse for Life, the Hopes of Possessing Lucinda; but consider, I have as much Reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her.* — What can be more affecting, if you'll allow the Passion of Love to have such a Power? Can *Bevil* refuse to tell him after this, that he has no Designs upon *Lucinda*? That surely was not Part of the Secret enjoin'd: But he does refuse him any the least Shew of honourable Satisfaction. The Man of nice Honour, remarkable for all good Qualities, has not the Humanity enough to do his Friend common Justice. No, he evades it, and calls

calls for a *Glympse of Argument* to justify *Duel-ling*.

Myrtle is provoked to sneer him (as well he may) upon his *Commodious*, his *Foreign Trinket*, his *Indian Princess*, &c. for his *soft Moments of Dalliance*. — Upon which *Bevil* cries out, — *You have touch'd me beyond the Patience of a Man, and I accept your Invitation*. — Ha, ha, ha! the pious, considerate, cool *Mr. Bevil* (who defy'd *Myrtle* just now to shew him the least *Glympse of an Argument* to vindicate any *Insult by his own Hand*.) This religious Gentleman has found a substantial Reason for cutting his Friend's Throat; for throwing an Aspersions on his Mistress, who, in the Eye of the World, cou'd appear no better than — a *Convenient*, (as *Myrtle* has it.)

Dick. How, Sir, dare you join in such an Aspersions on the incomparable *Indiana*.

Jack. Prithee, *Dick*, keep your Temper; did you design *Bevil's* Character for your own, that you are so apt to take fire in the same Place? To justify my Observation. — Shew me a pretty Fellow, who maintains a pretty Lady, in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty, in the Condition of a Person of Quality under the Pretence of Charity; and I'm afraid I shall be able to shew you a *kept Mistress* — in the vulgar Acceptation of that Phrase.

Dick. But, Sir, she was a Woman of Honour, and *Bevil* thought himself excusable to draw his Sword in the Guard of Innocence.

Jack. By what Law, *Dick*, Divine or Human? the Preaching *Mr. Bevil* cou'd find no Excuse for his Friend, (who had ten Times a stronger Cause for his Resentment) tho' he has found one for himself.

Dick. He tells you farther, *The Infirmary of Human Nature* cou'd bear no more.

Jack.

Jack. Truly, I believe his *Nature* cou'd not ; for, poor Man, he has as many *Infirmities*, as any fine Gentleman I ever heard of.

But pray, Sir, why might not *Myrtle* have been made acquainted with his Designs concerning *Indiana*, from the Beginning ? I believe he's the first Person who ever kept such a Secret from his Friend, and yet cou'd venture to trust it with a Servant, as he did with *Humphrey*.

Dick. That Confidence wou'd have destroy'd my whole Design, and I had had no Pretence for introducing the Challenge.

Jack. Better the Challenge had not been brought in, than the fine Gentleman's *Infirmities* exposed. *Infirmities*, which, I believe, few Men, below the Character of Gentlemen, cou'd be guilty of, with so much Deliberation.

Well, the Challenge is accepted of, and *Tom* is order'd to call a Coach, to carry 'em to the Field of Battle. Now, *Bevil* begins to cool — *Shall I*, says he, *recover myself at the Entrance of a third Person, my Servant too, and not have Regard enough to all I have ever been receiving from my Infancy, the Obligation to the best of Fathers, to an unhappy Virgin too, whose Life depends on mine.* — Pray observe the Climax. — *Shall I not have Regard to my Duty to God, to my Father, to the Virgin ? No wonder he lost his Temper at Myrtle's abusing her, since Love for her, it seems, was a more forcible Consideration, than his Duty to God, &c.* — Oh ! all ye well-bred Gentlemen ! are ye not abundantly instructed, to let your amorous Passions have a greater Sway o'er your Minds, than all Religious or Moral Duties.

After this pious Recollection, *Bevil* turns to his Friend ; *I shall not*, says he, *for fear of what such a rash Man as you think of me, keep longer unexplained the false Appearances, under which your Infir-*
mity

imity of Temper makes you suffer; when, perhaps, too much Regard to a false Point of Honour makes me prolong that Suffering.—Ha, ha, ha! 'tis impossible to forbear laughing, Dick.—Why, then forsooth, the keeping this Girl's Secret, is a false Point of Honour after all! and cou'd not this wise Fellow have seen that before? But, Dick, you mistake the false Appearances, under which he made Myrtle suffer.—They were real Appearances of a false Friend.—Now, let the World judge which was the rashest Man of the two; he who had Reason to believe his Friend was going to rob him of his Mistress, and (tho' he sent him a Challenge) yet gave him all Opportunities of clearing his Innocence; or that Friend, who gave the Cause, neglected his own Vindication, refused to satisfy his Friend, and suffer'd himself to be transported with the wildest Rage against that Friend, for a Fault which he provoked him to committ.

At length the Letter is produced. *I have saved you, says Bevil, from the most exquisite Distress, even tho' you had succeeded in the Dispute: I know you so well, that I am sure to have found this Letter about a Man you had kill'd, wou'd have been worse than Death to yourself.*—Why then was it conceal'd so long? and why wou'd he run the Risque of being kill'd with his Vindication in his Pocket? had they been in a convenient Place to have drawn their Swords, Bevil might have died like a Villain and a Fool; and (humanly speaking) had deserv'd his Death.

While Myrtle is reading the Letter, Bevil says, (with a Self-Satisfaction of having acted prudently and honourably all along) — *When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and Shame has got the better of Jealousy, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining Lucinda*—If I may venture to judge, the Shame and Mortification belongs to Bevil, who upon a false Point of Honour (as he confesses himself) has abused his Friend,

Friend, with no other View, that I can see, than to raise his Passions, and make him uneasy. Let the World determine, whether he has most exposed his Friend's Weakness, or his own. However 'tis necessary, for the Poet's Design, that *Myrtle* shou'd compliment *Bevil* upon his admirable Conduct, and blame his own precipitant Disposition. And so, poor *Myrtle* is to be put under Confusion, and *Bevil* is to triumph in his fancy'd Superiority of Wisdom.

Attend ye *Goths* and *Vandals* of the Age, and learn—
What?—Not to fight without a Cause.

Dick. Nay, Mr. *Freeman*, I can't bear that. Was there not an Injury? and is not that a substantial Cause?

Jack. Well then, we'll correct the Inference. — Learn—that he who gives and continues the Injury shall turn the Confusion on his injur'd Friend, who shall beg Pardon, and compliment the Aggressor on the Superiority of his Conduct. For, notwithstanding all you can urge, I'm afraid it will appear, *Bevil's* Breach of Friendship has been the Cause of all the Disorder.

Had *Bevil*, by a seeming Injury, provoked his Friend to send him a Challenge, and (not having it in his Power immediately to clear up the strong Appearances) had he by a Superiority of Reason convinced him, that his Intentions were honourable, that the Method of Resentment by Challenge was irreligious and unreasonable; and had he still maintain'd such a generous Firmness of Mind, as might at once shew his Innocence and Courage; that he scorn'd as much to do a deliberate Injury, as to draw a Sword in Defiance of Divine Prohibition: This had been to shew a Conduct worthy a religious fine Gentleman. But whether *Bevil's* Behaviour has been consistent with that Character, let any considerate Man determine.

Dick.

Dick. I say still, Sir, notwithstanding all your Critical Malice, you shall not put me out of Conceit with my fine Gentleman: I still think him a very gallant Man.

Jack. To the Ladies, I suppose you mean: Truly, Dick, his Behaviour that way is very remarkable: For he tells us himself (p. 20.) *tho' I doat on Indiana to Death, yet in all my Acquaintance, and utmost Privacies with her, I never once told her that I lov'd.*

Dick. But you don't take Notice what a fine Reason he gives for that. *My tender Obligations,* says he, *to my Father, have laid such an irrevocable Restraint upon my Conduct, that till I have his Consent to speak, I am determin'd on that Subject, to be dumb for ever.* — There's filial Piety for you!

Jack. But considering the private Resolution he had made to *Myrtle* never to marry *Lucinda* (p. 23.) *tho' he lyes to his Father, and tells him he will do it; and, considering the conscious and determin'd Love within him, he might have been a little more complaisant to the Lady. I think, Humphrey had very good Reason to tell him, he was the most unfashionable Lover in Great Britain.*

Dick. But he was *Conscious* all the while, that he should marry her at last.

Jack. The Lady too was *Conscious*: But not so well satisfy'd with her being so; and therefore at an Interview she uses all possible Art to bring him to an Explanation, and clear up the great Perplexities her Mind labour'd under. He plainly sees her Design, and (like a well-bred, civil Gentleman) not only refuses her the Satisfaction, but runs off abruptly to avoid the Necessity, under the poor Pretence of escaping a Quarrel. Must not the tender *Bevil* know at the same time, this was encreasing her Suspicions, and giving the

greatest Pain to one whom he doated on? — Very gallant indeed!

Dick. But he makes amends for it in the Fifth Act.

Jack. Yes; his first Salute to her is, *My ever-destin'd, my acknowledg'd Wife!* — There's Gallantry in Perfection! After a tedious time of *conscious* Silence, he embraces her in a Rapture, and crys out *my ever-destin'd Wife!*

Dick. Ah! Sir, you don't consider the Force of that Expression: *Bevil*, Sir, was a Predestinarian, and was profoundly *conscious* that *Indiana* was decreed for him from the Beginning.

Jack. Well, Sir, I shall not dispute *Bevil's* Foresight; but give me Leave to ask, whether *Bevil* is to serve as a Pattern for the modern fine Gentlemen.

Dick. Why truly, Sir, I don't know whether *Bevil* will be able to influence so far as to bring it into a Fashion: But 'tis my Opinion, if many pretty Gentlemen would be humbly content to be *conscious*, 'twould prevent a vast Profusion of Impertinence and Lying.

Jack. I could wish too, *Dick*, this restraining Faculty would spread a little farther, till it reaches the Scribblers of the present Age, that they would be modestly *conscious* of their own Inabilities, and so prevent their being laugh'd at.

Dick. Sir, there's too much Insolence and Ill-Nature in that Jest, to make it tolerable even from a Friend.

Jack. Nay, *Dick*, — *Qui capit, ille facit.* I have been ingenuous in my Opinion, and remember you put me upon it.

Dick. I can't help saying, Sir, you have gone beyond the Plain-Dealing of a Friend. However, I have this Satisfaction left, that *my Comedy has been received with universal Acceptance* (*Vid. Pref.*) and I can't forbear saying, he has need of a very extraordinary

traordinary Talent, who dares venture to condemn the Taste of the whole Town.

Jack. I can venture now to let you know, I have seen your Play; but did not care to condemn at random, till I had confirm'd my Observations by reading it. That the Town did *receive it with Acceptance*, as you phrase it, was owing to their Inclination to encourage Vertue; upon which, they are told in the Prologue, this Comedy was founded. But when they come to consider how ill it answers that Design, I dare affirm they will *abhor it with Abhorring, and reject it with Rejecting*.

Dick. Notwithstanding your Sneer, Sir, I say such Phrases are very emphatical.

Jack. In Tub-preaching they may be, Dick; but I never knew the dull Repetition of Words which carried the same Meaning *received with universal Acceptance*, from an Author who valued himself on the Purity of his Style. But I shall not dwell on Blunders of this Nature, which are too numerous throughout the whole Performance. The Reason you give for this *universal Acceptance*, is, *that it was in every Part excellently perform'd*: But at the same time you become conscious, *that the great Favour done to the Work in Acting, renders the Expectation still greater, to keep up the Spirit in the Representation of the Closet*.—Well, Dick, how are we to be satisfy'd there?

Dick. I tell you in the next Line, *That it must be remember'd a Play is to be seen, &c.*

Jack. Now would I willingly give you the Credit of a little Conscious Modesty, as if you was aware your Comedy would not bear a serious Examination in the Closet: But I know you are averse to an Imputation of that Nature; besides, I believe you intended no more than to *promote the Interest of the Playhouse*.

Dick. There may be very substantial Reasons for my so doing. But since you are got upon my *Preface*, prithee be good-natur'd for once, and tell me, Don't you think I have put a very ingenious Banter on the *Small Criticks*, to determine *Whether the Passion of my Song is just, or the Distress Male or Female?*

Jack. I think it would be a good Caution for a Fencer, while he is endeavouring to strike his Adversary, not to lay himself too open for a Thrust. A Man should take care, while he's scattering his Jokes, that they don't turn upon himself. — I agree with you, he must be a *Small Critick* indeed, who would think it worth his while to take that Song to pieces; for the Thoughts and Style suit so well with Halfpenny Poetry, that, add but a Number of Stanza's to swell the Bulk, and the Copy of it might gain a Pot of Ale in *Grubstreet*. — But I think it gives Light to one Notion you wanted to be satisfied about, *viz. What is to be imputed to the Hardness of the Head, and the Softness of the Heart.* — I think, he must have a very *hard Head*, who could expect to move the Passions by that Song; and he as a *soft a Heart*, who could be affected by it.

Dick. I find there is no End to your Malice: But be it known to you, the Revival of that Song was to employ those *Criticks*, by whom *I have suffer'd, who are got no farther than to enquire whether they ought to be pleased or not.*

Jack. Truly, *Dick*, I think that is going a great way; and they are the *Criticks*, whom you have just Reason to fear; who, after a strict Search and Examination, are able to determine that they ought not to be pleased with what only bears the Face of Humour, when it is contrary to Nature, and all received Rules. I may reasonably suppose, then, the judicious Part of the
Town

Town are to be ranged in this Class of Critical Enquirers. These are the *Small Criticks* (as you style them in another Place) who are called upon to judge *whether the Distress of your Song be Male or Female.*

Dick. Trifling as you think that Enquiry, I don't care to part without an Answer to it.

Jack. I suppose, then, by *Silent* you mean *Conscious Shade*; therefore as both Lovers were under that Circumstance, the Distress may be *Hermaphroditical*. Methinks, now, instead of leaving the Song out for want of a Performer, it might have been set for a Chorus in two Parts; and the *Conscious Shades* might have given each other a Musical Challenge to a Declaration of Love.

I can't avoid taking Notice of the admirable Reason you give for being *hardly persuaded to throw away Terence's celebrated Funeral*: — *Because* (forsooth) *Mr. Cibber's Zeal for the Work, his Care and Application in instructing the Actors, &c. was a very obliging Favour and Friendship to you.* — You put me in mind of an absurd Fellow, who used to reason much after the same Manner; *Because the Sun shines, therefore I love pickled Cucumbers.* I wish, for your Credit Sake, you had found out such another Reason for throwing away your whole Play. — But since I have been thus free with you, give me leave to ask you a Question. 'Tis, I think, agreed on all hands, that the two only Ends of Comedy are to Instruct and Delight; pray, how are these two Ends answer'd?

Dick. The Moral of my Play, I think, is very plain, that *Happiness is the Reward of Vertue.*

Jack. I fear, Dick, if there be any Truth in what I have urged, we shall want the *Merit*, which should have been the Foundation of the *Moral*: So that then *Happiness* will be the *Reward of Unworthiness.*

worthiness. How we shall come at the entertaining Dulce, I'm at a loss to find out.

Dick. How, Sir! I think *Tom* and *Phillis* enough to satisfy.

Jack. There, *Dick*, I can't agree with you: The Absurdity of those two Characters gives Disgust. And I must own, rather than be entertain'd with Monsters, I would join with those who (as *Horace* expresses it)

—media inter carmina poscunt

Aut ursum, aut pugiles, —

by far the more agreeable Entertainment of the two.

Dick. In a word then, as I tell you in my Preface, *I have introduced a Joy too exquisite for Laughter, that can have no Spring but in Delight, &c.*

Jack. I beg Leave to consider those Words, *A Joy too exquisite for Laughter, which (Laughter) can have no Spring but in Delight.* If that's your Meaning, I may construe them thus: *Laughter arises from Delight, which is too mean a Source for my Joy; mine flows from — from Sorrow and Distraction, I suppose, Dick; for so it really does.*

Dick. Nay, Sir, you have made a wilful Mistake, or your Ignorance has led you into it. I mean, *My Joy has its Foundation in Happiness and Success, which can have no Spring but in Delight; and therefore must be allowed to be the Object of Comedy.*

Jack. I confess, I was willing to make those Words agree with the Performance; but at the same time I don't think you the cleverest Blade that ever I met with at expressing your Meaning; however we'll wave that for once, and take it your own way. That which has its Foundation in Happiness and Success, will be allow'd the Object of Comedy; and Passions of all kinds may be represented in Comedy as well as in Tragedy; but then they must be express'd in a different Manner, not in the Tragical Style and Tone; nor must the

Distress

Distress be so exquisite, as to melt the Heart with sympathetick Grief; and render it incapable of relishing the approaching Joy. 'Tis unnatural to suppose the Mind can fly so readily from one Extreme to another.

Dick. You know Horace says,

Interdum tamen & vocem Comædia tollit,

Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.

Jack. True, Dick: But then these Starts of Passion must not be durable, nor carried to too great a Height. Horace tells you immediately before,

Versibus exponi Tragicis, res Comica non vult.

Terence, indeed, introduces Pamphilus in Distress;

Hocine est humanum factum aut inceptum? &c.

But what's this to Indiana?—She cries out, *What have I to do, but sigh, and weep, and rave, run wild, a Lunatick in Chains, or hid in Darkneſs, mutter in distracted Starts and broken Accents, my strange, strange Story? (p. 80.)*

Why, this is raising the Voice with a Vengeance! Could any mad Princess in a Tragedy have said more? And, to make her yet more extravagant, in the next Sentence she's raving against Heaven for making her unhappy.

Dick. Nay, she only tells you, that must be the End of her Distraction.

Jack. What! then she's in her Senses now, and so is running mad with Discretion? However, mad she is presently, and falls to tearing off her Cloaths, and cries, *I'll tear away all Traces of my former self.* I expected, at least, poor Indiana would have stript herself, and after that have tore out her Eyes, those Conscious Eyes, the Inlets to her Conscious Heart.

Dick. Her chief Design was to throw off her Bracelet.

Jack. That's the greatest Sign of her Madness, Man, to throw away her Jewels. Tho' I know what

what you would be at.—— But let me first take Notice of *Aristotle's* Opinion concerning the Subject of Comedy. He says, the τὸ γαλῶν is the Subject; and *Dacier*, in his Annotations, will have him mean, that this is the only proper Subject for Comedy; but all agree that it is the chief. *Terence* is censured for having too much of the *Moral*, and too little of the *Jocose*; and would have been thought more perfect, had he mix'd 'em together. Poor *Dick*! how we shall do to reconcile thee to Rules, I can't tell; for thou seem'st to want both. As to the *Jocose* Part, I must take Notice, 'tis not what *does* please, but what *ought* to please, is valuable. Ignorance of Arts, and a misguided Judgment, may lead ordinary People to mistake the true Imitation of Nature, and grow fond of that which has no Resemblance to her (as some may do by admiring *Tom* and *Phillis*.) But since there are Rules invented to direct the Judgment, Men of Sense will examine by those Rules. *Aristotle* and *Horace* have been allow'd for many Ages to have been perfect good Judges of Nature; and I fear, *Dick*, your running counter to them, will not convince the World to the Contrary.

A Word of the Bracelet, and I have done.—— Methinks, considering how often that Method of Discovery has been used, you might have invented something new. Besides, 'tis hardly probable *Indiana* should have that Bracelet, when we are told (p. 19.) *the Advocate* had seiz'd on all her Fortune, and was dragging her by Violence to Prison.——

But, after all, I can't help thinking *Terence* has discover'd *Glycer*y in a more rational, and every way a more agreeable Manner. *Crito* was known to *Chremes* to be an Inhabitant of *Andria*, a Man of Credit and Reputation: *Crito* stands up against *Simo's* Abuses with a generous Confidence, and with

without knowing *Chremes* to be the Father of *Glycery*, relates his Story, that an *Athenian* was shipwreck'd on the Coast of *Andria*, and with him a little Girl; that they were reliev'd by some Relations of his from whom he learnt their History; *Phania* soon died, the Girl remain'd under their Care; from the several Circumstances, *Chremes* comes to understand that the two Persons were his Brother *Phania*, and his Daughter *Pasibula*. Joy arises from the Discovery, to give general Satisfaction, and clear up all Difficulties.

Dick. I find, *Mr. Freeman*, you are obstinately resolv'd not to approve of my Play; and so I desire at once an End to our Discourse, and our Friendship.


Jack. Nay, *Dick*, if thy Resentment reaches so far, I submit. But I'll not part without bestowing one Word of friendly Advice, which may serve thee in thy future Attempts:

Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ.



P O S T S C R I P T.

Enter *Mr. DEN--S.*

D.  *R. Freeman*, I'm your humble Servant; but am very sorry to see you in such vile Company.

Jack. Hold, hold, *Mr. D--s!* not so furious, I beseech you: Pray how—

D. Nay, Sir, no Soothing me! with regard to that Fellow and his Partisans, I'm in a State of Na-

L

ture,

ture, and am authorized by the Law of Nature to be as unruly as I please. (*Vid. Pref.*)

Jack. Methinks, 'tis making a very ill Use of your Natural Privilege, to be abusive.

D. Abusive, Sir?—such another Word, and I'll let loose my Nature against you.—I tell you, *I have been wrong'd, basely wrong'd, and barbarously us'd by him and his Favourers, and am resolv'd to do myself Justice.* (*Vid. Pref. to the Rem.*)

Jack. But is there no way of doing yourself Justice, but by laying aside Good-Manners and Humanity, and turning yourself into the State of Nature, as you are pleas'd to call it?

D. No; I have had convincing Proofs of that Truth; the World is such a dull, insensible Ass, that instead of returning those *Thanks which I have merited by my Services*; they tell me, *I like nothing*, and am one who *make it my Business to find Faults, but never discover Beauties.* Is this a proper Return for my Labours? Ungrateful, stupid World! I'm in a State of Nature with 'em all; and wou'd be glad to let my Blood out, provided each Drop wou'd poison a Man.

Jack. Why, truly, if you cou'd persuade People to make the Experiment, I don't know what might be done while your Blood is in this strong Ferment. Such an overflowing Gall, I shou'd think would be enough to infect the whole Mass.

D. What? do you sneer me too? you then, with the rest of Mankind, shall feel the Vengeance of my Pen. I suppose you are one of those incorrigible Fools, who applaud that Fellow's late *Hum-drum Representation.* (*Vid. Pref.*)

Dick. *Hum-drum*, as you think it, I'm not afraid of its suffering by your Criticisms;—you foul-mouth'd *Cerberus!*—

Jack. Ha, ha, ha! Well, Gentlemen, since ye are resolv'd to engage, I'll stand by a little while, and see fair Play.

D.

D. I tell thee, *thou barbarous Hibernian, I will be justify'd in my Remarks, in spite of the Obstinacy, and the Clamours of thy most foolish Admirers.* (Vid. Pag. 42.)

Dick. I tell thee again, thou wretched paltry Scribbler, thy Malice is as impotent as thy Pen, and I defy thee.

D. Thou *clumsy, awkward, spiritless* Dawber of clean Paper; not all the *Crowds of thy Countrymen, who assembled to hear and applaud a Parcel of Teagues talking Tipperary together*, in thy late New Comedy, shall screen thee from my Indignation.

Dick. Thou Generalissimo of Bear-garden Criticks, I and my *Victorious Tonsor* dare engage thee at any Weapons.

Jack. Hold, Gentlemen, hold! a fair Bout! — but, I think, Mr. D——s, 'tis hardly prudent, or civil to attack a whole Country with such scurrilous Language; because you have a Quarrel with two or three of the Natives.

D. The loud Abuses which some Blockheads have thrown on me, and the Silence of others who had not Courage to appear in my Vindication, has made me think alike of all Mankind; so that I renounce Society altogether, and in my present State of Nature and Solitude, am resolv'd to buffet the Universe.

Jack. With all my Heart.——But I can assure you of one Thing, you engage with very great Disadvantage against such an invincible Body, and with very blunt Weapons too. I fear, if they have any Edge 'tis backward, and will be liable to be struck down on your own Pate.

Dick. Ay, ay, Sir, the World and I are against you, and we'll dust your Jacket for you, before we have done.

* One Victor, a Barber, wrote a Defence of the Conscious Lovers against Mr. D——s.

Jack. Don't triumph so fast, *Dick*; for ought I know, the World may be against ye both.

D. Well said, *Mr. Freeman*; I shall be glad to have that *absurd*, insipid Wretch spew'd out of Society too. I begin now to hope you'll be of my Opinion, in my *Remarks on his Conscious Lovers*; and therefore I'll open to you.

You know *Aristotle* says in his *Poeticks*, *There shou'd be no Incident in the Action of a Tragedy (which is still more requisite in Comedy) but what shou'd have its Reason; because the Absurdity of the Incidents wou'd destroy the Probability of the Action, and turn Poetical Fiction into downright Falshood.*

Now then observe:—*Danvers*, the Father of *Indiana*, formerly an Eminent Merchant of *Bristol*, upon his Arrival from the *Indies* with a great Estate, carries on a very great Trade at *London*, unknown to his Friends and Relations at *Bristol*, under the Name of *Sealand*.

How can this unthinking Knight reconcile this Fiction to Probability, Reason, or Nature? (Pag. 15.)

Dick. I profess I was not aware of that; nor do I know how I shall answer it, till I have consulted my Barber. [Aside.]

Jack. You allow, *Mr. D----*, he had Reasons sufficient for changing his Name, when his Misfortunes drove him to the *Indies*.

D. True; but is it probable at his Return to *England* with a vast Estate, he shou'd still retain the Name of *Sealand*?

Jack. Why not? in my Opinion it seems necessary; since the Credit was rais'd, and the Estate was got under the borrow'd Name, it appears reasonable he shou'd continue it as long as he thought fit to carry on the Trade; well knowing, that resuming his proper Name must create great Confusion among his Creditors and Correspondents, with whom he had all along dealt under the fictitious

rious Name of *Sealand*. Nor is it improbable his Friends at *Bristol* (I mean such whose Fidelity made them worthy of the Confidence) might be acquainted with the whole Secret.

D. Does not *Indiana* herself tell you, (*Pag. 30.*) That Mr. Bevil has wrote to *Bristol*; and that he has had Advice that her Father has not been heard of there, almost these twenty Years.

Jack. I think 'tis probable, *Bevil* might write to a Correspondent of his own, who (not being let into the important Secret) might readily make that Answer without any Enquiry at all, since it was the General Notion.

D. But how is that *Monster Sealand* excus'd from enquiring after his Wife, his Sister, and his Daughter, and for feloniously marrying a second Wife? If you justify that, you are as great a Fool as the Knight.

Jack. I fancy, Mr. D---s, if you was a little better temper'd, you'd see clearer into Things. *Sealand* might be suppos'd to know the Fate of his Wife, Sister, and Daughter, from his Confidants at *Bristol*, as far as they were capable of informing him; the Wife, we hear, thro' Fright and Grief, died at Sea, and no one was able to account for the rest; or perhaps he was inform'd, according to the current News, that they all shared the same Fate. So that we will not imagine him ignorant of the Loss of his Wife, &c.

D. But is it possible, a Man can return from the Indies with a vast Estate, and his Original not be known, especially when he traded to every Part of the Globe?

Jack. I don't see what his Fellow-Traders had to do with his Original. 'Tis probable, *Sealand* withdrew from *Bristol* with some few Effects, with which he traded, and by degrees grew rich. As his Effects increas'd, they were known to those with whom he traded, and his Credit grew in proportion.

portion. And as Traders in all Parts have a Communication with each other, the Fame of *Sealand's* growing Substance might spread, without their having any Knowledge of his Family. Nor can I see what Influence that Knowledge shou'd have on his Credit; since I'm inclined to believe many Citizens of *London* have gotten great Estates, whose Family and Original has hardly been known to themselves. Upon the Whole, this *Incident*, in my Opinion, may bear the Test of *Aristotle's* Rule, notwithstanding any thing you have urged to the contrary.

Dick. Huzza, *Victoria! Victoria!* there's no need of my *Barber*.

D. Peace, *Tipperary!* you shan't think to escape thus; nor shall your *flagrant Blunders* be smother'd over at this rate.

I am sorry to find, *Mr. Freeman*, you have so little Sense to take that notorious Blunderer's Part against me, who, I think, have so far establish'd my Reputation as a Critick, that I cannot err; and as a Critick I dare affirm he is not to be vindicated in the following Particular, (*Pag. 16.*) in straining *Young Bevil's filial Obedience* so far, as to make his *Father a Promise not to marry without his Consent.* To justify this Observation, I have condescended to call in *Mr. Locke* for my Second.

Jack. *Mr. Locke's* Opinion in this Case is so well known, that you might have spared yourself the Trouble of that long Quotation. But (with due Deference to that great Man) I may venture to say the Authority of the Parent has been discuss'd by as able Pens; from whence it will appear, that the Parent has a Right to that Promise, and that the Son can by no Means be freed from the Authority of his Father.

D. Ha, ha, ha! that's a pretty Jest indeed! what then becomes of our *Natural Freedom?*

Jack.

Jack. Truly, I think, 'tis superseded by the Father's Natural Right. The Scriptures carry that Point so far, that the Sons might be sold for the Payment of Debts, 2 *Kings* iv. 1. and *Matth.* xviii. 25.

D. Prithee, Freeman, don't be so formal, as to quote *Scripture*, mind what *Mr. Locke* says.

Jack. I confess myself a little Unpolite indeed in that Quotation. But other Proofs may be brought to set forth the *Fatherly Authority* in Opposition to *Mr. Locke*.

Aristotle calls the *Pater-familias*, ὁ βασιλεὺς and gives him full Power over his whole Family.

Quintilian speaking of the *Paternal Authority*, says thus, (*Declam.* 6.) *Pater jussit; hoc nomen omni lege majus est.*

And *Cæsar* to the same Purpose (*de Bell. Gal. Lib. VI.*) lays it down, that *Viri in Uxores, sicuti in Liberos, vitæ necisque habent potestatem.*

From hence, Sir, I can venture to affirm, that *Bevil's* Engagement to his Father is not without a Foundation on Probability, Reason, and Nature.

D. What, Sir, I suppose you are a Disciple of old *L---y's*, and a pert Stickler for the Patriarchal Scheme.

Dick. Nay, Sir, as bitter an Enemy as *Mr. D---* is, I must take his Part there. It ill becomes the *Patron of Liberty* (as I call myself) to allow such an absolute, unlimited Power; and therefore, Sir, I say——

D. No; hold *Dick!* you are too apt to blunder; let me dispute the Case with him. I say, Sir——

Jack. Lookee, Gentlemen, ye may spare yourselves the Pains of a Dispute on this Topick; ye may both enjoy your Opinions unenvied, and uncontrouled by me. My present Purpose is, only to defend *Dick*, where I think him defensible, and to prove the Invalidity of your Criticism.

D.

D. That's more than you are able to prove, Sir, or any Man in *England*. I say — *If the Son is in Expectation of an Estate from his Father, he is engaged to a good deal of Compliance, after he comes to Years of Discretion. But that was not Bevil's Case.*

Jack. So then, it seems, Money is to be the Measure of *Duty*.

D. *Duty!* — what the D---! do you top your old-fashion'd, awkward, insignificant Words upon me for? I'll have you to know, Sir, *I'm in a State of Nature*. Prithee don't be such a Fool as to talk of *Duty*.

Jack. Let me only obtain this; that the Son was at Liberty to make that Promise to his Father, whom he acknowledges to be the best of Fathers; and that he cou'd not offend any Law by so doing.

D. I tell you again, he was not at Liberty to make that Promise; for he was in Danger of *perishing* by it.

Jack. *Perishing?* why, I thought he enjoy'd a great Estate separate from his Father.

D. Fire and Faggot! I can't bear such Stupidity! I tell you he was in Danger of *perishing for Love*.

Jack. Your Pardon, Sir, you did not speak so plain before; and truly I did not suspect the young Man was in such an Extremity; for he appears to me to have had a perfect Government over his Passions, since he could love even to Dotage, and yet forbear making any Advances, tho' the Lady strongly press'd him to it. But if we may believe *Bevil's* own Account of his Father's *Tenderness*, 'tis more than probable, upon a Declaration of such a Danger, the old Fellow might have been brought to Compliance.

D. How unhappy was it for me, that I arose in this dull, insensible Age, to have to do only with Fools, incapable of Conviction?

Jack.

Jack. Truly, Mr. D---s, I don't know whether I am to lament the Age or you most; for ye both seem heartily sorry for your Meeting.

But to our Purpose.---'Tis enough for me, if I have prov'd your last mention'd *Incident* may have a Foundation on either *Probability*, *Reason*, or *Nature*.

D. For once, I'll borrow an Expression from the clumsy *Knight*, and tell you your Reasoning is pregnant with *Absurdity*.

How can you clear up the *Taking of the Infant Captive*, and the *Circumstances of that Captivity*? The *Mother*, *Daughter*, and *Aunt*, it seems, were taken by a *Privateer* from *Toulon*, and carried into that Place. (Rem. p. 27.) I ask in the first place, Did you ever hear that *Toulon* sent out any *Privateers*?

Jack. Suppose it did not; *Toulon* is a strong and populous City, and a noted Port; and surely it may be, at least, probable, that *Privateers* might have been set out from thence, which is enough to justify the Fiction.

D. But secondly, Is it probable, that such a *Privateer* shou'd cruize in the Ocean?

Jack. Why not? I never knew they were confined otherwise than by the private Orders from the Government to which they belong'd, and that occasionally those Orders were enlarged.

D. But thirdly, Can you imagine an *East-India Vessel*, which had Force enough to venture without a Convoy, shou'd be taken by a *Privateer*.

Jack. What Force it might have, I can't pretend to determine; but that *Trading Vessels* have ventur'd without a Convoy, and have been so taken, is, I believe, beyond Dispute.

D. But fourthly, Is it probable, that supposing a *Privateer* from *Toulon* shou'd have taken such a *Vessel*, it wou'd rather carry it into *Toulon*, than into

Brest or St. Malo, and not have it retaken in that long Voyage of above a thousand Miles?

Jack. What their Reasons might be for so doing, must be best known to themselves; but that they might be at Liberty to do it, I think, is probable enough; and that Escapes, as miraculous as what you mention, have been made on the Seas, I dare say, may be easily prov'd. Upon the Whole, I don't discern such gross Absurdities as you wou'd impose on these Circumstances.

D. Once more then, ——— (for I am in a Humour at this Time to indulge your Weakness. ———

Let us suppose the Privateer got safely with his Prize into Toulon. Might not Isabella write, tho' Indiana was an Infant? Tho' there was no Passage for Letters directly thro' France, was not the Way of Holland open? and might not Sealand, upon his Coming from the Indies, after a little Enquiry, have found that his Sister and Daughter had been at Toulon?

Jack. We may consider they were taken and kept close Prisoners; and I'm inclined to believe we have had many Instances of such with us, who have been deny'd the Use of Pen and Ink. The current News at Bristol might have been, that they were all dead; and the two Survivors not being able to contradict it, after so many Years Sealand might well conclude 'em all dead.

But granting there are some little Mistakes in those Circumstances; Horace is more inclined to pardon in such Cases, than you are. He says,

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*

Aristotle says in his Poeticks, that the Errors of Poets are of two Kinds; the one an Offence against Poetick Rules and Precepts, which are of the Essence of Poetry; the other Kind is accidental such as a Mistake in Geography, &c. which is a venia Error.

Error. Thus *Lucan* errs, when he says, the River *Timavus* is in *Padua*. Thus *Virgil* too, when he says, *Aeneas* kill'd Stags in *Africa*, where there were none to be seen. Such as these are allow'd by *Aristotle* and *Horace* to be pardonable Errors; and truly they appear to me somewhat greater than those you have charged on the Knight.

D. I think I'm the best Judge of that, being a profess'd Critick, and having a *Natural Right* to find Fault; and therefore, I say once again, *There is no Incident in the Conscious Lovers, but what is attended with some great Absurdity.*

Jack. I don't know, whether you have a *Natural Right* to find Faults; but a *Natural Propensity* I can readily allow you.---However, don't mistake me, I have no Intention to vindicate the whole Play; (for which I call *Dick* to witness) but I'm of Opinion, some of your *Remarks* might have been spared, and other more substantial Errors have been discover'd.

D. I tell you, Sir, the whole Piece is pregnant with *Tipperary*.

The *Action* of *Indiana* in throwing away her Bracelet, is an intolerable Blunder; for 'twas neither necessary nor profitable, that in the Height of her Agony, she shou'd think of her Bracelet. (Pag. 26.)

Jack. It was necessary, it seems, that she shou'd throw it from her, since by such Means the Discovery was to be made, and so far it was profitable too.

D. Supposing she did think of it, is it probable she shou'd resolve to throw away the greatest Token that she had to remember her dead Mother, for whose Memory her Grief and Distress ought naturally to renew and redouble her Tendernefs?

Jack. 'Tis not to be supposed, that the Action of throwing away the Bracelet, was the Result of Thought, or a fix'd Resolution, as you wou'd have it. We are to consider *Indiana* under a Transport

of Grief tearing herself to pieces, and casting off all her Ornaments, *to fit herself for Madness*: Under such exquisite Distress, 'tis hardly probable she shou'd have Leisure to think with Tenderness of her dead Mother's Token; but we may easily imagine the first Dawn of her returning Sense wou'd have brought back that Token to her Remembrance, and have excited her Diligence for the Recovery of it. I agree with you, the Method of Discoveries by Tokens is dull enough; tho' I cannot approve your Reasoning upon it.

D. My Reasoning!—— if any Man dares disapprove my Reasoning, he's an Ass; therefore I advise you, Mr. *Freeman*, for your Credit sake, recant what you've said, and be convinced in Time. Observe, with what little Judgment, that *spiritless, absurd Teague* has read over *Terence's Andria*! If we compare the Nature of Pamphilus's Refusal to marry, with that of young Bevil's, 'twill plainly appear Simo wou'd have Reason to be angry, and that old Bevil wou'd have none. (Pag. 31.)

Jack. Why so, I beseech you?

D. Because Pamphilus wou'd refuse a Wife with a great Dowry.

Jack. So wou'd Bevil.

D. But Pamphilus wanted it, having nothing but what his Father supply'd him with, who, perhaps, might not be very easy in his own Circumstances.

Jack. And for ought we know to the contrary, Simo might be as rich as Sir John and his Son together, and so might have been easy on that Score. 'Tis probable he was very rich, or Chremes wou'd not, perhaps, have made that voluntary Offer to bestow his only Daughter with a great Dowry on Pamphilus. Simo's chief Complaint to Chremes is, his Son's Disobedience.

*Pietatem gnati! nonne te miseret mei,
Tantum laborem capere ob talem filium?*

Simo

Simo does not complain of his Son's refusing a great Fortune; but of his Disobedience in marrying without his Privy and Consent, and of the Imprudence and Folly of such a Choice.

D. But *Simo* fear'd his Son was engaged to a *Courtezan*; for such *Glycery* pass'd for.

Jack. Old *Bevil* was of the same Opinion too, and I think had as much Reason for it; for all the Knowledge he had of *Indiana* was, that his Son had her in keeping.

D. However, old *Bevil* did not believe, (if he did suppose *Indiana* a kept Mistress) that it wou'd bring any Scandal either upon himself or his Family.

Jack. Nevertheless Sir *John Bevil* cou'd not but know, that such a Practice is as much against Law in *London*, as it was in *Athens*; and, notwithstanding the Frequency of it, I dare affirm there are many sober, thinking People of all Ranks in this blessed Town (as you are pleas'd to call it with a Sneer) who abhor such an abominable Licence; so that if Sir *John* had a true Regard for his Son's Reputation and Honour, he must have been equally concern'd with *Simo*; at least, there was an equal Reason for his Resentment upon that Occasion; which I take to be the Question between us.

D. I absolutely declare 'twou'd have been downright ridiculous in old *Bevil* to pretend to be offended in case his Son shou'd refuse to marry a Woman whom he does not like, because she's of his Father's chusing. (Pag. 32.)

Jack. Why wou'd it have been more ridiculous in old *Bevil*, than in *Simo*?

D. Because young *Bevil* was in Possession of a great Estate, and entirely independent of his Father.

Jack. From thence 'twill follow, that Obedience is only due to the Father on account of his Estate, and the Dependence of the Son must follow that; otherwise, both Fathers had an equal Claim to their Son's

Son's Obedience ; and both Sons had an equal Obligation on 'em to pay it.

D. What ? *must the Son who has bespoke a Dish for himself, take up with another that is his Aversion, only because his Father chuses it ?*

Jack. To carry on your Allusion. — I don't know but the Father might best understand the Art of Cookery ; he, it seems, was providing a Dish for his Son with rare savoury Sauce, and finely garnish'd. However, if the Son cou'd better relish a plain Slice of his own chusing, it wou'd have been but decent to have told his Father so, and desir'd that he might not be cramm'd.

D. Prithee, *Freeman*, don't be impertinent, for I am not in a Humour to bear it.—I tell you at once, *as Bevil had a Passion for another, it had been a just Cause of Refusal ; and if his Father had been unreasonably offended, the Son, who has no Dependence upon him, might very reasonably have been comforted.*——

This I am sure is consistent with Natural Freedom.

Jack. So that you wou'd encourage a Son, who has Money in his Pocket, to consult his own Inclinations altogether, without any Regard to his Father's Consent or Approbation. You set a fine Pattern of filial Obedience truly ! I never cou'd yet learn that there ever was any such Independent State of Nature as you seem to stickle for ; there is a Rule in the Civil Law, *Quicquid ex me & uxore mea nascitur, in mea potestate est.* Methinks this sounds very like the Voice of Nature too.

Dick. Lookee, Sir, I'll give up my whole Play, rather than allow any Notion so absurd as that. Prithee, *D—s*, give me thy Hand, and as I am thy Brother-Natural, and Brother-Libertine, let us stand by each other.

D. Avaunt Teague, avaunt ! I'll enter into no League with such a *dull, clumsy, barbarous Hibernian.* I am resolv'd to stand by myself, to go my own Way,

Way, and treat all Mankind as a Parcel of *spiritless* Fools.

Jack. Give me Leave, Mr. D---s, to put you in mind of a Passage in *Boileau's* 4th Satyr.

*Chacun suit dans le monde une route incertaine,
Selon que son erreur le joué & le promène;
Et tel y fait l' habile & nous traite de fous,
Qui sous le nom de sage est le plus fou de tous.*

D. I confess I have been guilty of one Piece of Folly, which I heartily regret; that is, in submitting my *Remarks* to so injudicious a Person. I must tell you, Mr. *Freeman*, in plain Terms, you have no more Sense than the Knight. As for him, as long as Malice holds a Seat in this swelling Heart, I'll not give o'er till I have wrote him silent; and I will be justify'd in spight of the *Obstinacy and Clamours* of his most foolish Admirers. And if hereafter my Pen shou'd glance at you, you may thank your own Forwardness for it.

Jack. In truth, Mr. D---s, I shall not be afraid if 'tis turn'd full at me. The Heat and Fire of your Temper destroys as well the Force of your Criticisms, as of your Spleen. Upon this Occasion it may not be impertinent to quote a Passage from that excellent *French Critick, Rapin*, upon Satyr; and I think the Application will not be altogether Foreign. Speaking of *Juvenal*, he says thus; *Juvenal avec tout son serieux, a de peine à reüssir, pour rendre le vice ridicule; car enfin ces violentes manieres de declamation qu'il met par tout en usage, ont souvent tres-peu d'effet. Il ne persuade presque rien; parce qu'il est toujours en colere, & qu'il ne parle point de sang froid.---Avec toutes ces expressions fortes---il fait peu d'impression; parce qu'il n'a rien de delicat, ny rien de naturel. Ce n'est point un veritable zele qui le fait parler contre les dereglemens de son siecle, c'est un esprit de vanité & d' ostentation, c'est par temperament plus que par raison, qu'il*
fait

fait le critique. Of *Persius* the same Author, among other Observations, speaks thus, — *Il ne dit que tristement, ce qu'il y a de plus enjonné dans Horace, qu'il veut quelquefois imiter ; son chagrin ne le quitte presque point ; c'est toujours avec chaleur qu'il parle des moindres choses, & il ne badine jamais, que le plus sérieusement du monde.*

D. I suppose those Reflections are pointed at me.

Jack. Take 'em as you please ; I leave you to chew upon 'em, and digest 'em at your Leisure. —

Mr. D.—s, your Servant!



F I N I S.